

# The Listener

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A farmer in the new independent Commonwealth State of Ghana, which yesterday achieved its transformation from the British colony of the Gold Coast. The celebrations were attended by the Vice-President of the United States

In this number:

China and the Soviet Bloc (Desmond Donnelly, M.P.)

Is the Nationalisation of Coal a Success? (John Raven)

Heinrich Hertz, Discoverer of Radio Waves (J. A. Ratcliffe)





## MICROBE VERSUS MEDIC

by PODALIRIUS

Illness has been regarded in many lights, and has been explained in a variety of ways. At one time, I recall, the interpretation had a religious flavour. Illness was said to be a sign of the displeasure of the Gods.

Later on in the history of the world pseudo-scientific practitioners—the alchemists and others—explained illnesses as malignant humours, and left the matter roughly at that. Yet, over the whole time, there have been men in every civilisation who have steadfastly sought knowledge of the human body.

At long last came the day when the first microbe was discovered. The work of Louis Pasteur started a universal search for germs, and as doctors isolated the various types, so they became better informed about the illnesses and diseases which each could produce. The facts were reasonably clear—find and isolate the germs, said my colleagues at the turn of this century, and then kill them and we shall have the answer to disease. But it was not as easy as that. It was all very well to find out what would kill germs in the laboratory, but it was not necessarily possible to use the same substance in the human being, and it was not until the arrival of the sulphonamide drugs that a substance became available which would actually kill some members of the bacterial family in the human body, with reasonable safety and reasonable certainty.

From that day the war between medicine and germs has been intensified. Next came different kinds of sulpha drugs, some more effective against one group of germs, some more lethal to another, and so to the era of penicillin and the wonder drugs.

You may well think that we have reached an age of security against bacteria, but have we? Are these sulphonamides and the wonder drugs really so wonderful? They have their disadvantages in administration. They have unwanted side-effects sometimes very harmful; and some patients, in addition to being resentful of repeated attack with a hypodermic needle, develop unwanted sensitivity to the drug. And, last of all, what about the wily bacteria? Their whole race have not taken the anti-biotics entirely lying down, and it is now becoming increasingly common to find that certain families of bacteria, which had hitherto responded to one of the wonder drugs, have now developed a resistance to the drug, and their extermination can only be achieved by yet another wonder drug, and so we shall go on. More wonder drugs will come, more problems will arise. Medical science is achieving mastery over the bacterial armies; none the less, older machines of war directed towards building up the human reserve may well be found to be of even greater importance when final account is taken in years to come.

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*The name of the month derives from Mars, the Roman god of war. The Saxons, more prosaically, called it Rough Month (Hreth Monath), which seems to indicate that the climate hasn't changed as much as one might think.*

Because in March the hare sheds a few inhibitions, is it altogether fair to label him 'mad'? Others welcome the spring with equal abandon, yet incur no similar slur. Even *homo sapiens* is not entirely blameless. Go down among the boat-race crowds at Putney; drop in to your local Cup Tie; or watch the man next door laying up for himself lumbago in the garden—what, one wonders, would the hare think of all these goings-on? But let us not forget, as we mark the coming of Spring, that the season is notably one for planning, for looking ahead. And, if your own plans concern the future welfare of your dependants, the most profitable way for you to celebrate the Spring is to take counsel now with the...

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# The Listener

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## CONTENTS

### THE WORLD TODAY:

China and the Soviet Bloc (Desmond Donnelly, M.P.)	367
The 'Murder Mile' in Cyprus (Robin Russell)	369
The Control of Military Power—II (Norman Gibbs)	371
Is the Nationalisation of Coal a Success? (John Raven)	372
The Dilemma of the Personnel Officer (J. O. Blair-Cunynghame)	377

### THE LISTENER:

'Personnel'	374
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts)	374

### DID YOU HEAR THAT?:

Reprimand the Gardener (Ernest Atkinson)	375
Funeral Tommy (Will Clemence)	375
Broad Norfolk—or Suffolk (Eric Fowler)	376
Delightful Pets (Florence Hopper)	376

### BIOGRAPHY:

The Most Cultured of All Romans (Robert Graves)	379
---	-----

POEM: Creeds (Brian Hill)	380
---------------------------	-----

### SCIENCE:

The Chemical Basis of Life—IV (E. F. Gale)	381
The Discoverer of Radio Waves (J. A. Ratcliffe)	383

NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK	384
--	-----

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

From Sir Keith Joseph, M.P., Lord Brand, R. D. Greenaway, Professor Antony Flew, Hugh Heckstall-Smith, Edward Blishen, Albert Corlett, Peter Prager, W. Arnold Hall, A. L. Le Quesne, George Scott-Moncrieff, Herbert Addison, Roy Walker, and Louise Theis	386
---	-----

### ART:

Round the London Galleries (Quentin Bell)	390
---	-----

THE LISTENER'S BOOK CHRONICLE	391
-------------------------------	-----

### CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

Television Documentary (Martin Armstrong)	396
Television Drama (J. C. Trewin)	396
Sound Drama (Roy Walker)	397
The Spoken Word (Michael Swan)	399
Music (Dydney Hussey)	399

MUSIC: 'Paride ed Elena' (Martin Cooper)	401
--	-----

BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE	403
---	-----

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS	403
-----------------------	-----

CROSSWORD NO. 1,397	403
---------------------	-----

## China and the Soviet Bloc

By DESMOND DONNELLY, M.P.

THE relationship between China and the rest of the Communist bloc is likely to be one of the most important and fascinating studies of the next decade. There are many facets to this study. For instance, there is the rapidly growing importance of China itself. I remember an incident which happened to me some years ago. I was standing inside the Imperial City in Peking when an acquaintance said to me: 'One day the centre of power in the Communist world is going to pass from the Kremlin in Moscow to here'. At those words the great Chinese dragons at the entrance gate looked suddenly alive, and I pondered the prospect. Then there is the possibility of a conflict of interests between China and Russia. When I was in Washington last year Senator Knowland, as I sat chatting with him in his office on Capitol Hill, expressed the view that this was inevitable. How he reconciled that with his implacable policy cementing China to Russia, I never quite discovered, but the fact is that a great many western commentators are thinking on these lines. Finally, there is the new relationship that is growing up between China and the east European satellites, the most striking example of which is Mr. Chou En-lai's recent journeys to Warsaw and Budapest.

In coming to any conclusions about the future relationships of China and the Soviet bloc it is necessary, first, to examine briefly the Chinese form of communism. And from that, China's traditional attitude to Stalinism based on China's experience of it. I shall then assess the Chinese leaders' reactions to Mr. Khrushchev's attack on Stalin and their consequent participation in the affairs of the West and of south-east Asia. By this means I hope to sketch in the broad political lines of China's relationship with the Soviet bloc. Secondly, I shall turn to the economic aspect. With a population of 600,000,000 and a prospect of growth to 700,000,000 in the next eight years, China has the dual problem of feeding and maintaining her peoples at least at a level that will stave off disaffection and uprisings; and simultaneously of erecting an industrial structure that will give her some independence from her Communist allies. Thirdly, I shall try to look at this relationship the other way round—as the Soviet bloc sees it.

First, the Chinese version of communism and its relationship to

Stalinism. Originally, when it was founded in 1921, the Chinese Communist Party was an orthodox Marxist-Leninist party. For a time, on the advice of the Russians, it collaborated with the Kuomintang. Then, in 1927, General Chiang Kai-shek liquidated nearly all his Communist allies. Those that were left either fled to Russia with Borodin in a convoy of old Ford cars laden with petrol tins—or they stayed behind and went underground. The new local Chinese Communist leader to emerge was Mr. Mao Tse-tung, himself the indigenous product of rural China. Under him Chinese Communists began to preach land reform. During this period they drifted apart from the Russians because Stalin disapproved of Mr. Mao's policy.

For years we saw the Russians ostracising the Chinese Communists. There was the Russian seizure of Manchuria at the end of the 1945 war and the looting of Chinese machinery from her few industrial plants in the Mukden region. Then there was a change as the Chinese Communists began to drive out General Chiang Kai-shek. What we have to remember is that it was only from late 1946 onwards (and as the Chinese Communists were coming to real power) that the Russian attitude changed; and then, as the Russians became more amenable, the Russian and Chinese Communist Parties came closer together again. But, even now, western travellers come back and tend to say that Chinese communism is 'different', 'less oppressive', and that 'the Chinese seem to have a better idea of how to do things'. On the surface there is some truth in this. When I have been to China I have been told repeatedly about people who have remoulded themselves. I remember going round a gaol in Peking—I always asked to see the gaols in Communist countries—and seeing groups of people squatting and talking wearily. 'Who are those people and what are they doing?' I asked. 'They are political prisoners remoulding themselves', was the answer. On another occasion I had an interpreter who told me proudly that he was 'remoulding himself'—and in the end I think it was decided that I was not part of the course. There is this constant 'reasoning' going on, reasoning people into the doctrines of Marxist-Leninism. I would have liked to have seen Sidney Webb witnessing the super application of his idea of 'the inevitability of gradualness'.



But beyond this 'reasoning' is a solid fact. The Chinese Communist regime is Communist, and orthodox Communist, once more. It says so, constantly and specifically. Its aims are exactly the same as the declared aims of men like Mr. Khrushchev. I remember Liu Shao-chi, who is second only to Mr. Mao, saying to me once: 'Your children will grow up in a Communist world'. The recent Peking doctrine statement ends with these words: 'However many twists and turns await us on our forward journey, humanity will eventually reach its bright destiny—communism. There is no force that can stop it'. All that is just how Mr. Khrushchev talked when he was here last year.

### Chinese Communism and Stalinist Communism

Having established that fact, then, it is easy to see that the earthquake that has shaken the Communist world since Mr. Khrushchev denounced Stalin has also alarmed the Chinese leaders. Of course they are not worried about Stalin personally, because they were not pathologically tied to him like the western Communists. But they are concerned about the effect on others of Mr. Khrushchev's denunciation of Stalin; which brings me to the important question of the relationship of Chinese communism to Stalinist communism; and thereby to contemporary Russia.

Fortunately for us this has been set out very clearly in the now-famous Peking doctrine—the statement running to 14,000 words which was published at the end of last December. It appeared in the Chinese press when Mr. Chou En-lai was in south-east Asia, and almost at once he returned to Peking. And having collected it, he then set out for Moscow and the satellites. It is the Chinese opinion on how to keep the Communist bloc together; but I believe it is necessary to regard it as a second opinion and not another view.

Let me summarise it briefly, for it is extremely important. The Peking doctrine begins with general praise of the Soviet Union. It describes how Russia is a country which before the revolution was industrially backward, with its people largely illiterate. It goes on:

It has now become the world's second greatest industrial power, possessing scientific and technical forces that are advanced by any standards.

It also states that during

the decisive period of the second world war, before the western countries opened the second front, the Soviet Union, single handed, met and defeated the attacks of millions of troops of Hitler and his partners.

Then the Chinese say that the big struggle in the world is now (and will be until victory is achieved) between communism and capitalism. Having said that, they turn on the Russians by attacking Stalin:

His arbitrary method of work impaired the principle of democratic centralism and disrupted the legal system.

Stalin's mistakes stand out

most conspicuously in the suppression of counter-revolution and in relations with certain foreign countries . . . He wronged very many local Communists and honest citizens, and this caused serious losses . . . He showed a tendency towards great-nation chauvinism . . . Sometimes he even intervened mistakenly with grave consequences in the internal affairs of certain brother countries and parties.

How can this be prevented from happening again? The Chinese argue: 'It is only by Communists adopting an analytical attitude'. Therefore, they reject Marshal Tito's rabid anti-Stalinism, although they claim to understand his causes for resentment. 'The Yugoslav attitude can only lead to a split', they say. The real answer, say the Chinese, is for the Communist bloc constantly to accept as the big issue that the struggle is between communism and capitalism. Communists must also prune back state bureaucracy and avoid what they call 'doctrinairism'.

### The Dividing Line

Then does this mean that they are going to embrace western democracy? Certainly not, because, to quote their own words: 'The dictatorship of the proletariat is fundamental'. The acceptance of that, insist the Chinese, is the dividing line between Communists and the Social Democrats and bourgeoisie. What, then, should be the relationship between one Communist country and another, within the Communist half of the world? The Chinese say that it must be an association of like-minded equals under the leadership of the Soviet Union. The interesting phrase is 'under the leadership of the Soviet Union'—and this brings me to the second aspect of the problem of these relationships, the economic.

Alone of the Communist countries, Russia is a real industrial power. Certainly Czechoslovakia, east Germany, and parts of Poland are highly industrialised; but Russia is the leading economic power, and while this remains so the leadership of the bloc must be hers. From the Chinese point of view, the unity of the bloc is vital for the additional reason—apart from doctrinaire considerations—that nearly all China's own plans for industrialisation are dependent upon the Communist bloc. But how great is this Chinese dependence; and how does this dependence work out? The Sino-Soviet treaty of 1950, which was the main foundation for economic co-operation, was a modest arrangement involving credits of about one tenth the amount of the post-war American loan to Britain. But as the Korean war pressures increased, the economic arrangements grew. The real honeymoon began with the Khrushchev-Bulganin visit to Peking in October 1954. Today, as Mr. Chou En-lai reported in his speech to the Congress of the Chinese Communist Party last autumn, there are 205 major Russian industrial projects going on in China, such as automobile and tractor plants, steel works and so on. Some of these are in the north; but more and more plants are being sited in western China, as Mr. Chou En-lai stressed in his speech last September to the party congress.

There are also innumerable other plants, built with the help of the other industrialised satellites. For instance, I have seen an excellent east German cotton mill in Peking. It looked a good plant—and it certainly compared more than favourably with an American-built cotton mill that I have also seen in Rangoon. A great deal of agricultural machinery is being imported from Russia and Czechoslovakia. And because, for instance, Czechoslovakia can sell her machinery anywhere in the world, China is more dependent on Czechoslovakia than Czechoslovakia is on China.

### Paying for Industrialisation

All this industrialisation and mechanisation has to be paid for by the Chinese, and they are paying for it largely by agricultural produce. Although her vast population has to be fed, in China's present position there is no other way for her to secure her own industrial future. Every organ of state propaganda—the wall newspaper which is universal, the loudspeaker on the train or in the park of rest and culture—is constantly telling people why they are having to do without. Although there are the inevitable grumbles and a marked shortage of consumer goods, there is no sign of the regime running politically into really heavy weather.

There is yet another aspect of Chinese dependence on the Communist bloc—they depend on them for technicians and technical advice. Peking today is full of Russian, east German, and Czech advisers. Thus China and the Communist bloc have grown extremely close because China needs the Soviet bloc. From the Chinese point of view, and apart from any ideology, the relationship has the most practical basis. But the present crisis in western communism has shown how valuable China is to Russia politically. This brings me to my last point—how the Communist bloc sees China.

In the stormy seas of the argument about Stalin, China's regime has appeared to western Communists like a Rock of Gibraltar. To some extent this apparent Chinese certainty is due to China still being a country with a first-generation Communist leadership. The doubts that afflicted Russia after Stalin have yet to strike China. Mr. Mao Tse-tung is still the dominant father figure. To some extent, Mr. Mao is the Chinese Stalin, but less harsh and arrogant, and China is historically still in the Stalinist stage of revolution. But there is more in it than that. The Chinese have made no secret of the fact that they have set out to learn from Russian mistakes. I once questioned the Chinese Minister of Agriculture about land collectivisation and reminded him of the Russian *kulaks* and their desperate resistance. In reply he emphasised his determination to avoid the Russian blunders and repressions, by using persuasion and reason as far as possible.

Therefore, in the prevailing anti-Russian mood amongst the east European satellites, China appears as a Communist country that is conspicuously and consciously going to avoid Russian mistakes. And in the anti-Stalin mood in Russia, China appears as the country that is going to avoid Stalin's mistakes. This brings to any Chinese utterance at the moment a start in popularity. It also makes her invaluable to Russia—because Mr. Chou En-lai has been able to say things to the satellites, for Mr. Khrushchev, that would have seemed suspect if Mr. Khrushchev had said them himself. For instance, Mr. Chou En-lai obtained an attentive and sympathetic hearing for his warning to the Poles not to go too far nor too quickly in Poland's de-Stalinisation.



Indeed, this has been the background of Mr. Chou's recent visits, and to that extent China is a substantial political asset inside the Communist bloc. But she is also a substantial asset outside, particularly amongst the uncommitted nations of Asia—and the Communist bloc knows that, too.

China evokes a sympathy amongst peoples whose pan-Asian nationalism has been affronted by the American opposition to the admission of the Peking Government to the United Nations. Then there is the Russian repression of Hungary and Asian reaction to that. Though China has defended the Russian behaviour, Hungary has not affected China's prestige to the same extent as it has that of Russia, and Mr. Chou En-lai has been able to save something from the emotional wreckage of Budapest. Then, too, China is an Asian country which has rejected western imperialism and is making her own way in the world. This is a source of admiration in other Asian countries, who may be asking whether Chinese progress has any lessons for them.

Finally, China has an important economic function for the more industrialised European satellites. She is the largest single underdeveloped market in the world. Any industrialist, whether capitalist or communist, would be eager to supply China. She has substantial raw material potential to offer in return. And the complementary economics of, say, industrialised Czechoslovakia and China are a natural marriage of common needs.

For all these reasons my answer to the speculations that I mentioned at the beginning of my talk must be 'No' in each case. Power in the Communist world is bound to remain in Moscow whilst Russia has the economic lead over China and the satellites. As to any conflict of interests between China and Russia, they are too interdependent for that just now. It is only in the future—twenty to twenty-five years hence—that one can foresee any real trouble arising. Meanwhile, China is content to play her secondary though important role and Russia is glad to agree to it.—*Third Programme*

# The 'Murder Mile' in Cyprus

By ROBIN RUSSELL

I WORKED in the very heart of the old walled city of Nicosia. It was in a part of the city which is essentially Greek-Cypriot. I would park my car on the ramparts which the Venetians built five centuries ago, and then walk through the maze of narrow streets and alleyways to my office. Even after several months it is comparatively easy to get lost in this labyrinth thrown up by Venetian, Turk, and Greek. Fortunately I have a good 'bump of locality'.

Medieval churches lie hard by mosques and markets. Some of the older churches are strikingly ornate in the Byzantine manner. They gleam amidst squalor and concentrated misery, a setting, as it were, for some unwritten Levantine opera. Others are simpler, in the country style, and are set here and there with an air of planned casualness as a constant reminder of the city's great age. The mosques, almost equal in number to their Christian counterparts, but more graceful, point their gold minaret fingers to the heavens. The call to prayer of the muezzin is still heard above the din

of markets and marketeers which are everywhere, but the main market beneath the Great Mosque, formerly the Latin Cathedral, is a huge and breath-taking riot of colour and of jangling sounds.

Around and within all this, and without ceremony, crowd the dwelling houses. They are mainly in the Turkish style with jutting eaves and fretted balconies. In spite of some of the recent rather gaudy attempts at rebuilding, it is all as it was a century and more ago, with the streets so narrow that it is often possible to shake hands across them from overhanging windows. I used to love this odoriferous, querulous old city. In many ways I still do—but the more joyful memories will always be tarnished by memories of blood spilled and squandered.

I shall remember the rambling, overhung streets for many reasons—joyfully because there were friends and fun and a faded, sinister beauty in them, and sorrowfully because, at the last, they came to mean only

mazy alternatives of route that might obliterate the shadow of the gunman. But I know I shall retain something of it in me for ever. Countless glimmers are stored away for the mind's eye. Some stray scent of the near Orient, wafted up to me in a strange place, inevitably will bring back memories of this relentless Levantine city. For Levan-

tine it is, no matter whether the Greek-Cypriot looks for a sign from Athens, the Turk from Ankara.

There are two English language newspapers in Cyprus—both published in Nicosia, the capital. Their offices are within the walls. One is essentially Fleet Street, in the popular sense. The other is bravely modelled on one of Britain's more expensive dailies. That is the one I worked for. My newspaper, if I may be affectionately possessive, was owned by a charming, highly intelligent and extremely hard-working Greek-Cypriot, although it is only fair to explain that all Greek-Cypriots are hard working. Indeed, it seems to me that they work much too hard to enjoy life or to know what



Nicosia, capital of Cyprus, with (centre) the Great Mosque of St. Sophia

life can hold. My fellow hacks on the Greek-language press were obsessed by politics. By politics, of course, they mean Enosis, or union with Greece. For that is what sells their newspapers—politics, and nothing but politics. Cyprus seems to generate newspapers, some of them very healthy indeed with impressive circulation figures. The Greek-Cypriot journalist has fewer inhibitions than his brother in commerce, because he can merge money-making and politics into almost a twin God-head. He spends a happy day tearing into the powers that be. Cohorts of professional hole-pickers feverishly pound typewriters in hot and sticky back-rooms. And that is about all there is to it, except that when the presses begin to roll the hole-pickers emerge to drink brandy and coffee. Then they talk politics instead of writing them.

When I first became associated with my newspaper the office was just off Nicosia's main street, which was destined to become part of



'Murder Mile'. At that time it was still the little newspaper that every journalist who started at the bottom of the ladder and later strayed into Fleet Street dreamed about. It was more of a club than a newspaper. Indeed I often wonder how on earth it ever saw the light each morning. Infallibly from morn till midnight, and into the small hours, a colourful procession of the island's flotsam and jetsam wandered through the office—in at the front door, out at the back. We were the main street of some mid-eastern Bohemia; a *bonanza* for the latest indiscretion in government circles, and alleged *bon mot* of His Excellency, the current gossip of the 'pubs' and clubs, and all the queasy night club vapourings of the morning after. Infallibly, too, we attracted other journalists, from distinguished visiting correspondents to rivals on the prowl. In they would all come, usually to entice away miscellaneous members of our staff, from the Editor-in-Chief himself to the office boy, on improbable ploys. Indeed I formed the impression that the greater part of the paper was written and subbed—and for all I know printed—in clubs, bars, and cabarets. Nevertheless, at some point between two and four in the morning—it varied considerably—the presses would begin to roll and from them would emerge a workmanlike, interesting, six-page newspaper.

And then, as I sat in the office one hot Sunday morning, I heard the crack of pistol shots and the ugly sound of a frightened mob. It was the beginning of 'Murder Mile'. Within a year a score or more of murders were to be committed in the name of Eoka within a stone's throw of our doors. If ever a newspaper lived close to a story, mine did. More often than not one of our British staff would be first on the scene of a killing and usually well ahead of the police or military. Often he would give first aid to the wounded or the dying. If he was our photographer, he had a world scoop. In fact, as time went on, his pictures became almost tiresomely famous in Fleet Street.

One day, the Editor-in-Chief himself, on hearing gun-fire, rushed out to find two British policemen dying and a third gravely hurt in the shadow of the office building. Alone for several long minutes he did all he could to succour the dying—one man died in his arms—and tend the wounded man. He was an elderly, experienced, and travelled journalist, not unused to the spectacle of violence and death, but, as he told me later the same day, he was unaccustomed to being knocked down in the rush of departing bystanders. 'As I ran out from the office', he said, 'people were running in. Within seconds the street was completely deserted'. It upset him to see that his Greek-Cypriot printers, who had been drinking coffee just outside before going on duty, were foremost in that rush. For that was the pattern—the harsh sound of gunfire, the shouts, the cries, and then the shuttered shops, the empty silent street. It was unusual for a local doctor or even a chemist to give aid—so great was the fear of vengeance at the hands of Eoka.

I had several similar experiences. It was an eerie business to stand helpless and frustrated in some hot and stinking alleyway, at my feet a dead man, the air pregnant with an ominous silence. The echoing sound of hurried footsteps, usually those of a colleague, was music to the ears. Then as the minutes passed, came the whine of a jeep, the urgent bell of an ambulance.

It was after a tragic incident of this kind that the Government might impose a curfew. I say 'might impose', as government reaction varied and to many of us, living or working within the walls, its reaction was often obscure: but that is another story. A curfew imposed—then came chaos of a different kind. 'What are you doing to us?' Apostoli, the printer, would usually say with an air of bewilderment to mark the occasion. The fact that still another Briton or Cypriot had been mur-

dered just outside the door seemed quite lost on him and his compatriots. Business was business, Enosis Enosis. Why not? But curfews were a different matter. They varied in length and intensity. Some lasted for hours, some for weeks. Their nuisance coefficient affected Cypriot and Briton alike. The punishment value was doubtful. As an aid towards the capture of criminals they were, by common consent, useless. But it was almost impossible to produce a newspaper. In fact, during 1956 more than fifty working days were lost. While the many Britons with special passes could move round the city with reasonable freedom, there was really no object in their doing so. The percentage of Greek-Cypriots with curfew passes was extremely small, and those of our staff who had them were naturally reluctant to use them for fear of being talked about.

Again, there were the inevitable misunderstandings and interminable arguments with officialdom, the unfortunate, but understandable, brushes with the military. It all added up to constant aggravation and counter-irritation. Then, gradually, as the months of crisis passed by and murder, fear, and intimidation became everyday occurrences, curfews, curiously enough, ceased to be the fashion. But the strikes and walk-outs, which had always been an imponderable feature of Cyprus life, continued. Strikes under the Emergency Regulations were illegal but apparently walk-outs were not. And so, as far as I could judge, all strikes became walk-outs. But no matter what they were called, my employer had to pay.

As time went by my office became less and less a cheerful place, no longer the *bonanza* for the passing show. The visitors were more often sinister than Bohemian. In any case, the lovable riff-raff of old were unable to circulate to any purpose. Cabaret lights had become very low. But a few would still pay

regular visits and I would call on them. In the gloom of almost empty bars, where an occasional beachcomber still lolled, we would recall old times. One or two night clubs were, now and again, miraculously busy. They still welcomed the stray Briton, where he was now conspicuous in a crowd exclusively Levantine. But there were still several good friends from the old days before the gap began to widen. Somehow or other I felt I had nothing to fear, even though it was said that Eoka agents circulated freely in resorts of this kind. They probably did. We all had our suspicions. No doubt I had talked and joked with both brands—the intimidator and the intimidated.

How many of these friends shall I meet again? For soon the die had to be cast. One day unwittingly I stumbled on something which was to change my life suddenly and strangely and within a week was to translate me from the eastern Mediterranean to London. Presently, within twenty-four hours, our house, which had been a well-loved home for over three years, had another tenant; furniture and effects were piled in lots for selling, or crating, three charming cats had found new homes, an old and trusty car had been sold, and seats in an aircraft had been reserved.

If you leave Cyprus nowadays for other than mere prosaic reasons, it is advisable to leave as quickly and as unobtrusively as possible—and on your two feet. Once the decision has been taken there is no drawing back. Many British civilians have had to take this decision, or have it taken for them. I am by no means the only one. Suddenly it comes to you. You know you cannot change your mind.

A careless half sentence may set up a trail of red herrings, a slurred inflection a train of doubts and fears. In the walled city of the Nicosia of today what may seem only an absurd melodramatic sequence can be set in motion with the greatest of ease—but at the end of it one more Briton or Cypriot may lie dead, shot in the back.—*Home Service*



Passers-by being questioned in Nicosia's 'Murder Mile' after the killing of a British police sergeant last year



## The Control of Military Power—II

## The Role of the Minister of Defence

By NORMAN GIBBS

**W**HEN thinking of the relationship between civil and military authorities in Britain, the mind, as it were instinctively, turns back to the seventeenth century. There is good sense in this view. The constitutional struggles of the seventeenth century laid the foundations of modern British government practice in military matters as in so much besides. All this has become so much a part of our way of living that we take it for granted. For two centuries, the supremacy of the civil power in Britain has been unquestioned. When, in modern times, soldiers and politicians have quarrelled it has been about administrative rather than about political or ideological issues. Moreover, Parliament's ultimate control of military affairs is now brought about in exactly the same way as its control of any other sphere of government. In other words, it provides legislative sanction for an executive which represents a majority in the House of Commons. That majority in the House must, broadly speaking, support the policy of the Government in military as in all other matters, unless it is prepared to accept the unpleasant alternative of turning the government out.

## Relationship between Civil and Military Authorities

So I, too, am going to take Parliament's part for granted. What I am going to deal with is the relationship between civil and military authorities in the executive sphere of government. There are today some problems concerning the distribution of power as between Ministers who deal with military affairs, and also as between Ministers and their professional military advisers to which, as I see it, we have yet to find a satisfactory solution. I am going first to discuss the work of Ministers, then the work of their Chiefs of Staff, and finally try to bring them together.

Britain's isolation in a world of great military alliances at the end of the nineteenth century led to increasing conviction among many of her statesmen that not only must she find friends, but also that she must be militarily strong on her own account. What made the satisfaction of this second condition so difficult was that Britain was an imperial power with world-wide responsibilities, responsibilities that were already beginning, by the early years of this century, to appear too great for her resources. Certainly it was obvious that those resources could not be made to go round, unless one development occurred within the Cabinet. This was that all departments concerned with military affairs—the Exchequer, the Foreign Office, the Colonial Office, the Admiralty and the War Office—should construct their war plans on an agreed basis, avoiding confusion and waste. The disasters of the early months of the Boer War showed how desperate this need was. As a result, the Committee of Imperial Defence was set up in 1904. It was a committee of Ministers, a Cabinet committee under the chairmanship of the Prime Minister, including among its members what we would now call the Chiefs of Staff. Its work of co-ordination undoubtedly enabled this country to begin hostilities in 1914 far better prepared for a major war than on any previous occasion in our history.

There are two important things to remember about the C.I.D. In the first place its powers were simply those of any committee, powers only of consultation and advice. It could recommend: it could not give orders. The compulsion to act on the committee's recommendations came from the fact that the Prime Minister was its chairman. This is the second point to be remembered: it was assumed that the Prime Minister's responsibility for national and imperial defence could not be delegated to another Minister. His chairmanship provided an element of authority which, in the circumstances of the time, alone carried sufficient weight both with Ministers at home and with Commonwealth governments abroad.

The committee, which resumed its work in 1919 after a gap during the war, now found its tasks complicated. The Royal Air Force had been created, and there was now the Secretary of State for Air to be brought within the system of co-ordination. Moreover, it became increasingly evident that some of the pre-war assumptions about the Prime Minister's work in this connection were no longer valid. Prime

Ministers vary, and not all of them will attach the same importance to matters of defence. In the post-war period, with the increasing attention paid to economic and social matters, it became clear that Prime Ministers, whatever their personal predilections, could not always put defence at the head of their responsibilities. The problem was simple. There were too many calls on the Prime Minister's time for him to give to any one sphere of government his unremitting attention. The alternatives were either that the work of the C.I.D. would suffer because the Prime Minister could not do his job as chairman properly, or else that some other Minister must be found to act as his deputy in this connection.

So a Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence was eventually appointed in 1936. But note: the Minister appointed was only a chairman of a committee, a co-ordinator. He lacked, as any ordinary Minister must lack, the natural authority of the office of Prime Minister, and he had no other authority to rely upon, for he had no department of his own. This was carrying co-ordination, the practice of goodwill, to extremes. It in no way measured up to the urgent necessities either of the years immediately before the second world war or of the early months of the war itself. No wonder that Lord Chatfield, the second and last holder of the office, felt himself to be simply a 'fifth wheel in the coach' and resigned in helpless disgust early in 1940. From then on Mr. Churchill, by now Prime Minister, took over a position as Minister of Defence which was entirely of his own making. But more of that presently.

To sum up: pre-1939 experience suggested that while, up to a point, a committee was adequate to plan, something more was needed for the execution. If it could be the Prime Minister, well and good. But, if not, then a genuine controlling Minister of Defence, not a co-ordinating Minister alone, seemed an adequate substitute.

Let me say something about the military. Both before 1914, and during the war itself, there had been ample evidence that both the Army and the Navy needed General Staffs for comprehensive planning and for planning together. For example, in 1911 during the second Moroccan crisis the War Office had plans for a British army in France to fight beside our allies, but the Admiralty had no plans for getting it there. Later, the Dardanelles campaign showed a similar lack of unity between the two Services. This became even worse after 1918 when there were three Services to deal with. Economy and efficiency demanded that the soldiers, sailors and airmen, like Ministers, should work to a common plan. So, in 1923, the government agreed to the setting up of a Chiefs of Staff Committee, with a collective responsibility for advising the government on defence policy as a whole. This committee has had a continuous existence from 1923 until the present day.

## The Chiefs of Staff Committee

It was assumed from the start that the work of the Chiefs of Staff Committee would provide integration between the Services, and between the Services and Ministers through the medium of the Prime Minister or his deputy. The inability of the Prime Minister in practice to do this himself, or to find anybody else to do it adequately for him, had two unfortunate results. First, the integration of Service advice did not develop, before 1939, as much as was hoped and needed. Second, there was a tendency for the C.O.S. to cultivate a somewhat independent life of their own, a tendency of which Mr. Churchill complained in the early months of the war when he was First Lord of the Admiralty.

When, however, Mr. Churchill became Prime Minister in May 1940 he introduced a revolution in this as in so much else. He became Minister of Defence, excluded the Service Ministers from his War Cabinet, and himself became responsible to Cabinet and Parliament for the conduct of the war. He then handed over to the Chiefs of Staff Committee the day-to-day responsibility for producing strategic plans for the war as a whole, and the responsibility for seeing that they were carried out by commanders in the field. What I want to emphasise is that what was in the end an outstandingly successful wartime civil-military partnership depended, in the first place, on the central position



and authority of the Prime Minister. It was his authority alone that made the whole machine work. Secondly, the Chiefs of Staff brought about a degree of co-ordination in Service plans never known before, partly because they were prompted by, and partly because they were protected by, a really powerful Minister. There was never any question, as sometimes in the first world war, of generals and politicians working against each other.

Since the end of the war we have found no peace-time counterpart for the war-time position held by the Prime Minister in matters of defence and, as a result, the closely knit system of inter-Service and of civilian-military integration has grown loose, not tighter. At the end of 1946 the Labour Government created a peace-time Minister of Defence who was intended to be, so Lord Attlee has told us recently, 'one of the most important people in the government'. Nobody can seriously contend that this, in fact, has so far occurred. Past experience, as I have tried to prove, shows that the Prime Minister cannot be a Defence Minister in peace-time. It also shows that if another Minister of Defence is to direct the defence policy of this country as a whole, he must possess the power to control both the civilian and the military authorities who work under him; that is, the Service Ministers and Chiefs of Staff. This is not what happens at present.

I must again emphasise that there is no problem here of control of the military by the civilian in the normal sense. For generations the military have loyally accepted ultimate civilian control of military affairs and they do so today, if anything, more completely than in the past. There is no problem here of deep constitutional significance. It is, rather, an administrative problem. The situation is that the country cannot afford to waste money on defence any more than it can afford to waste money on social services. We must therefore have defence and economy too—though I feel bound to add that there are great dangers in economy without defence. The combination of the two means spending our limited resources on what we need most. That implies cutting some things out, and such cutting can be made only if a responsible Minister has the power to enforce his decisions; in other words, a real power to control.

We have been moving steadily towards this position for at least fifty years. Why stop now? Particularly when there are at least two additional, and more recent, reasons for going on in the same direction. The first is the revolution in strategy introduced by the atom bomb and by the application of atomic techniques to what were conventional weapons. The extent to which we shall adopt a nuclear strategy is at present uncertain; what is clear is that we cannot afford to keep all

the old weapons and have all the new ones too. Somebody must decide which weapons are to go. Nobody but a really powerful Minister of Defence is going to do that. But, and here we come to the second reason, we are members of an alliance, Nato. What we do about our weapons affects our allies and should be done only after consultation with them. In that sort of consultation our Government must speak with and through one voice—the voice of the Minister of Defence. When he has spoken, with the approval of the Government, he must be in a position to enforce his decisions at home. The importance of both these reasons has been underlined by Mr. Sandys' recent visit to Washington.

What does all this mean in detail? It means, first, a Minister of Defence who has much wider powers than at present in relation to the other Ministers at the head of the Service Departments. The Minister of Defence, since 1946, has decided on the allocation of the defence budget between the Service Departments and has, virtually, stopped there. But there is no point in dividing unless the principles of the division are observed, subsequently, in practice. That can be ensured only if the present Service Ministers become junior Ministers, Under-Secretaries at the head of sections of a single Service Ministry, headed by the Minister of Defence himself.

Secondly, the vitally important Chiefs of Staff Committee must be brought into as close a relationship with the Minister of Defence as it was under Mr. Churchill during the war. At the present this does not happen. What is more, so long as the Chiefs of Staff can go, as at present, to the Defence Committee and the Cabinet over the head of the Minister, that must derogate from the Minister's authority. Can one imagine the Chiefs of Staff doing this to the war-time Prime Minister? It may be that the recent appointment of the Chairman of the Chiefs of Staff Committee as Chief of Staff to the Minister of Defence will make this close relationship possible, as did General Ismay during the war. My own view is that the office of the Minister of Defence will acquire its proper status as 'one of the most important people in the Government' only if the Minister himself, at any rate for a time, meets regularly with the Chiefs of Staff Committee. In any case, what I am suggesting is in no sense intended to derogate from the proper authority of the Chiefs of Staff. Their collective advice on national defence is more important than ever, with the growing technicalities of modern warfare. But that military advice must be fitted into an increasingly complicated political and economic framework for which civilians and not soldiers are ultimately responsible. 'In Britain we pride ourselves on civilian control of military affairs. Within our parliamentary system that control can be effectively exercised only by a Minister'.

—Third Programme

## Is the Nationalisation of Coal a Success?

By JOHN RAVEN

**J**UST over ten years ago the British coal industry was nationalised by a properly elected Government with a handsome—numerically speaking—majority. The other parties, in or out of office, have renounced any idea of repealing this legislation. Nationalisation of British coal is therefore an accomplished, irreversible fact.

To decide whether nationalisation of our coal industry has been a good thing or a bad thing, we should have to know what the mines would have done if they had not been nationalised. We cannot know this and therefore all pronouncements upon the subject are mere guesses. Yet even today bands of dispossessed political partisans and Fleet Street irregulars still indulge in noisy small-scale squabbles on those stale battlefields of 1946. The only casualties in this over-long engagement have been truth, reported missing; and the reputation of the British coal industry, seriously wounded.

We get an interesting view of these results if we consider the coal industry, first as it appears to most ordinary citizens and secondly as it might be assessed by an enquiring foreigner. The average man, the fellow on the top of the Clapham omnibus, sees coal as a major handicap to the rest of British industry. Years ago we had all the coal we wanted and to spare: now, he complains, the collieries cannot do the job. He believes that the Coal Board is grossly overstaffed and mainly occupied in seeking subsidies from the taxpayer, the proceeds being spent on

large country houses or cast hopelessly into ruinous holes in the ground. The miners are lazy and the price of coal is excessive and ought to be borne by somebody other than the consumer. The mines lose millions every year, and he looks forward to the day, any time now, when atomic energy turns the collieries into ancient monuments.

The enquiring foreigner would tend more to logic and long-windedness. He would certainly consider us lucky to possess a full range of fine quality coals produced on a scale only exceeded in Russia and the United States. Because essential statistics about the Russian coal industry are ambiguous and as the preponderance of opencast and drift mining in the United States prevents any useful comparison, he might seek to compare the British coal industry with the coal-producing countries of the European Coal and Steel Community—Germany, France, Holland, and Belgium. Their total production adds up to about the same as the British output and physical conditions of mining are about equivalent. Such a comparison shows that the British collieries are superior to their west European competitors at every point of price and productivity. The British miner produces more than the German, French, Dutch, or Belgian miner on both shift and year basis. The coal he produces sells for about 30s. per ton less, quality for quality, than that mined in those other countries. This overall superiority, which did not exist before the war, has been maintained at a time when the Coal



Board has been raising output from 178,000,000 tons in 1946 to 210,000,000 tons ten years later—an increase about equal to all coal burnt in British fireplaces last year.

Because our coal is so much cheaper than any other obtainable in western Europe, British industrialists have a great advantage over their competitors on the Continent—an advantage none the less valuable because it is so seldom acknowledged. Our foreign observer might be astonished that newspapers in Britain, which often praise the German industrialist and worker as examples of efficiency and effort, seem to have overlooked the ascendancy which British miners and pit management have gained over their German counterparts. He could point out that the Coal Board has a statutory obligation to avoid a loss over a period of years, and that of its first ten years, five have shown a loss and five a profit. As total losses at the end of 1955 had outweighed total profits by £37,000,000, the Board is engaged now in eliminating this trend, so that during last year the cumulative loss was reduced by over one-third. He would realise that the Board is also incurring heavy investment costs in sinking new pits and carrying out those other development schemes which are essential if the present loss of capacity—estimated at 4,000,000 tons a year—is to be overtaken. Part of this money is being borrowed from the Treasury and will be repaid with interest at the usual rates over the next fifty years. In this way all development costs are met out of the sale of coal and any subsidy for current expenditure or investment is avoided. He would appreciate that though the British effort in atomic energy is being accelerated, it will be ten years before any worth-while load is lifted from coal and oil. Atomic energy can only directly replace power-station coal: other uses of coal will persist, many will grow, and a large tonnage of coal will still be required for the numerous conventional coal-burning power stations, which will remain in use for many years.

Finally, he might note that the British coal industry suffers from a chronic shortage of administrators and managers. The proportion of these grades to workers is only half the continental average, and this has been strongly criticised by the Fleck Committee, which enquired recently into the Coal Board's organisation.

**Hypnotic Effect of the 1947 Crisis**

So there you have two views: the Ugly Duckling or the Goose that lays the Golden Eggs. My main concern here is not so much which is right as how this immense difference arose. I think it results from the hypnotic effect exerted on politicians, newspapers, and ordinary men and women by the coal crisis of 1947. That is understandable. There has been much excitement over the Middle East oil crisis—and that has inflicted only marginal restrictions on comfort and employment: in 1947 the fuel crisis came home to roost in empty hearths and idle factories. But can the avoidance of another 1947 be an adequate long-term standard of efficiency and policy for British coal? Is this not simply tying the whole reputation of the coal industry to its ability to execute one arbitrary manoeuvre, a large increase in output every year?

Supposing the mines had been nationalised in 1929, would the Board then have been thought inefficient if they had not greatly increased the already excessive production of British coal? Or supposing the present sharp rise in fuel and power demands continues? In a short time, as time is measured in the coal industry, that demand will have soared above the maximum production that could be expected even by the critics of British coal. In those circumstances other fuels must be found if the extra needs are to be met. Will they be used only when the last possible ounce of coal has been wrung out of the pits each year? Or will common sense creep in so that the coal industry is given a chance to regain a more natural shape and to consider all the other objectives of an efficient coal industry apart from a temporary spurt for greater output?

During the past few years coal has managed, by standing on tiptoe, to get its fingertips up to the vanishing coat-tails of demand. This situation has every mark of an emergency, and if the Board's efforts to wring extra production out of an exhausted and undermanned industry had been judged in that light all might have been well. But the assumption that the coal industry, which had just emerged from a five-year war succeeding a fifteen-year depression, should have been able to supply all the coal wanted in a new industrial revolution just because it *was* wanted is rather like trying to write a permanent coal surplus into the British Constitution. The inevitable disillusionment has produced a sense of failure. The public feel that the coal industry has let them down and what the community thinks of the industry naturally affects what the

industry thinks of itself. The material sacrifices made by that industry so that the British people may combine the fuel habits of 1795 with the power needs of 1957 are heavy enough. Development plans have been delayed, heavy losses were incurred on imports of coal, and the industry's classical export trade—its only outlet for surplus production in the past and a most profitable source of income at present—has been cut to shreds. All these expedients, whether well or ill-advised, had some positive reason or excuse. But the sacrifice of reputation and self-confidence was as pointless as it was inexcusable.

**Recruitment Under Difficulties**

Some of the consequences are apparent already, and may well burden the industry for years ahead. How can the Board recruit the best men to work and manage our coal industry if it is the constant target for destructive criticism, condemned as incompetent by the unthinking assumption of millions of people who have never bothered to examine the evidence? How many young men who can go into oil or atomic energy will care to go into coal? If the coal industry is deprived of potential leaders in this way for year after year, what chance will it have of finding its right level in the complex three-fuel economy of the future—the right level not only for itself but for the community that owns it? What chance is there to get on with the job of improving the serious weaknesses which certainly exist in coal, particularly in labour relations? It is just in these vital but intangible relationships that morale is all-important. If labour could be given a new enthusiasm, the extra production for which the industry has been striving might come overnight as a natural result of those sound policies which the crude drive for more coal has no doubt hindered and postponed. Above all, what encouragement is afforded to the Board—those unpolitical and ill-rewarded men—to think out and carry through courageous, imaginative policies in line with the testing demands of coal getting and selling? How can the Board give proper attention to those broad issues of price, capacity, exports, and utilisation which have been considered so far only against the background of a crushing demand enforced by misinformed, unfriendly public opinion?

Many interests—the political parties, the National Coal Board, the Unions, the press and the general public—have contributed to the present psychological plight of British coal. There are signs that the Board at any rate is aware of its errors and not unaware of the steps it must take to retrieve them, including a wider and warmer defence of the industry it directs. But if the Coal Board makes these moves in isolation from any effort at reappraisal by the other interests I have mentioned, then the self-respect it is seeking for coal may degenerate into self-satisfaction. The community should realise that the Board has been shooting with a worn-out productive bow at a rapidly receding target of demand. On the other hand, the Board should not be tempted to regard the mere avoidance of a coal crisis as cause for complacency.

I do not ask for one of those formal antagonising reappraisals known to the press as a 'probe' but for a far more general and individual rethinking. If the politicians can forget about nationalisation and concentrate on the real issues of coal policy, if the press can abandon that outdated idea that to attack the Coal Board in resounding phrases is news, and if the ordinary member of the public will criticise his coal industry only if he has taken the trouble to think about it, then the Coal Board's efforts to lead and animate will have a fair chance and the right background.

Surely, poised as this country is in the world race for productivity between the power house and the poor house, we can no longer afford our present ignorance of the true nature and proper objectives of British coal.—*Home Service*

**'THE LISTENER'**

next week will be a

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# The Listener

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## 'Personnel'

WHAT a detestable word 'personnel' is! It is the kind of word that causes a man who loves his fellow creatures to reach for his revolver. It recalls those stylised figures of men that sometimes appear in statistical charts, each figure representing 1,000 human beings, the last figure in the row like as not cut in half because he represents only 500 human beings. It is a word that somehow or other succeeds in suggesting to the lay mind that people are a necessary but on the whole rather boring element in the show, that they have to be classified and 'dealt with', that they have 'an angle' which has to be considered, and that a comprehensive term is handy when they have to be alluded to. So it is that heaven's masterpiece is now a unit of personnel, and the proper study of mankind becomes, in mid-twentieth-century jargon, personnel analysis.

Having made that point clear one may proceed to wish all success to personnel officers in the work they are doing. The nature and scope of that work is outlined in a talk by Mr. J. O. Blair-Cunynghame published in our columns this week. His summary of the duties a personnel officer has to undertake leaves no doubt that in modern industry he serves a valuable function. 'Society as a whole', Mr. Blair-Cunynghame says, 'demands that more and more attention be paid to the individual'. What that demand may involve in terms of industrial unrest we have had more than one opportunity of learning over the years—which is by no means to suggest that there is anything wrong with the demand. On the contrary in our free democratic world recognition of the importance of the individual lies at the root of our thinking. All that need be said in passing is that the demand has another side to it. If society pays attention to the individual it is right that the individual in his turn should pay attention to society: in other words because the state exists, or should exist, to enable the individual to make the best of his life and opportunities, the individual is not thereby exonerated from—indeed he is the more in honour bound to fulfil—his responsibilities both as a citizen and as a conscientious and hard-working member of his trade, profession, or calling. It may be that the weighing up of these respective obligations has affinities to the dilemma with which the personnel officer, as Mr. Blair-Cunynghame points out, is sometimes faced.

That our society abounds in officials whose task it is, so to say, to oil the wheels—personnel officers, public relations officers, welfare officers, and so on—is a fact which may serve to remind us what the complications of life in a liberty-loving community can amount to. Perhaps it is because the problems we face are so vast, so urgent, and so intricate that the only way of coping with them is to work out an infinitely detailed division of responsibilities, including the responsibility of seeing that the most elementary (and at the same time most obviously fundamental) duties are not neglected—the duty, for example, for ensuring that people engaged in a common task know what the task is and that unnecessary hardships are alleviated. However, as has been truly said, the simplest tasks are sometimes the hardest to perform and by the same token are not seldom overlooked. At all events anyone who has not been a personnel officer is scarcely in a position to realise how hard such tasks can be. His indeed is responsible work, and he should deserve well of the community. It is a pity he cannot be found a less forbidding title.

## What They Are Saying

### Foreign broadcasts on Israel and Egypt

ON MARCH 4 after a week of intense diplomatic activity Mr. Ben-Gurion ordered the 'full and prompt' withdrawal of the Israeli forces from Gaza and the Gulf of Akaba. Two days earlier, after Israel had stated in the U.N. Assembly that she would withdraw, Israel radio announced that the Cabinet had met to discuss the position in the light of the subsequent statement by the United States delegate. The broadcast stated that Israel would not budge an inch from its decision that Israel forces would not leave the Gaza Strip without an effective guarantee that the Egyptians would not be allowed to return. It described the U.S. delegate's statement, which had not contained the expected assurances, as 'an endeavour to avoid arousing the anger of the Arab States'. One newspaper quoted from Israel on March 3 stated:

If the United States Government has not the courage to tell the Arabs that the return of the Egyptians (to the Gaza Strip) must be prevented, it is very doubtful if they will have the courage to prevent their actual return.

Left-wing socialist newspapers quoted said that Israel's representatives had been the victims of large-scale deceit, while the nationalist opposition newspaper was quoted as accusing Mr. Ben-Gurion of 'lying, treachery, and shameful surrender'.

The press quoted from Cairo radio sharply attacked the proposals for a United Nations force in the Gaza Strip, as a usurpation of Egypt's territory and the conversion of the U.N. emergency force into an army of occupation.

Cairo broadcasts gave much publicity to the Cairo conference of Arab leaders, stressing that the *communiqué* refuted rumours of dissension in the Arab ranks, and showed Arab unity against imperialism. Damascus radio quoted the President of Syria, on the occasion of the feast of Al-Mi'raj, as referring to Israel's 'crimes' against the people of Gaza, and adding that the French and British, who had helped Israel, had intended to invade not only Sinai and Gaza but Jordan, Syria, and their neighbours, in order to restore 'the reign of tyranny and corruption' in the heart of the Arab world.

Moscow broadcasts in Arabic quoted a United States columnist as suggesting that 'the call on Israel to withdraw is pure propaganda: Israel knows this full well and for that reason does not pay any attention'. They also said it was difficult to believe that 'Israel's rulers can, without any support from abroad, completely flout the demands of world public opinion and the United Nations resolutions. There are many facts which go to show that Israel has such support from the U.S.A. and other Western Powers'. A Moscow broadcast quoting *Pravda* also asked:

How can a small state like Israel dare to challenge the entire United Nations organisation and the whole of peace-loving mankind?

Who can be unaware that it was influential United States circles which encouraged the Israeli militarists to attack Egypt? Who can deny that the Israeli aggression was prepared with the aid of U.S. dollars? . . .

The United States are playing a double game, paying lip-service to the withdrawal of Israeli troops, but in fact doing everything to hamper it.

After alleging 'a secret agreement' between the Israel Ambassador, Mr. Eban, and Mr. Dulles, *Pravda* went on to speak of 'a direct threat by the U.S.A. to Egypt and the other Arab States':

Acting behind the back of the United Nations, and in defiance of its Charter, the Americans are trying to make Egypt surrender and accept the U.S. proposal for the so-called internationalisation of the Suez Canal and to secure the Arab States' consent to the Eisenhower doctrine. . . . The plan to seize the Gulf of Akaba is the Eisenhower doctrine in action. . . . The violation of the U.N. decisions by Israel has raised the question of applying sanctions against the Israeli aggressors. . . . The Soviet Union supports the demand for sanctions against Israel if it does not immediately pull out its forces from Egypt.

From the U.S.A., *The New York Times* was quoted as pointing out that while everybody was talking about applying sanctions against Israel, President Nasser was quietly applying sanctions of his own—aimed at practically everybody except the Israelis:

Nasser's sanctions consist in keeping the Suez Canal plugged. . . . They are particularly damaging to western Europe, to France and Britain, who obeyed the General Assembly's request to remove their forces from Egypt, as well as to other oil-burning countries who never even sent troops to Egypt.



# Did You Hear That?

## REPRIMAND THE GARDENER

ERNEST ATKINSON recently spoke about Elba in a Home Service talk. "Reprimand the gardener", wrote Napoleon one October day, "reprimand the gardener for employing three men all the month on a garden the size of my hand, and eleven grenadiers for loading up a few cartfuls of earth. I disapprove of the proposed expenditure on turf during October: I would rather have grass seed".

'It was 143 years ago. He had been in Elba—King of Elba—so far for five months; half his time there. In those ten months, he had six separate habitations. Four of them, tiny though they were by Napoleonic standards, he called palaces, even imperial palaces. In addition, he experimented with what must have been one of the earliest prefabricated houses ever invented.

'You can see today some impressive evidences of improvements Napoleon made on that agreeable island. You can visit most of his houses and walk in the gardens that the gardener got into trouble over. You can see the very places over which he was niggling at spending 200 francs when forty francs would do—this, from the first great dictator, and the first to fall from dictator's rank, of modern times.

'Napoleon landed in Elba, a figure of somewhat doubtful grandeur, on May 4, 1814. The dignitaries of the capital town, Porto Ferraio, had no more than a day's notice of his arrival. The only place they thought grand enough for the former Emperor of the French and their own new King was the Hotel de Ville. It was not very luxuriously furnished. So they rushed round borrowing nice pieces of furniture from the local bigwigs, and they made it seemly enough for him.

'But not for long. It is a pleasant enough building, but in a narrow street. And the great man from the Continent—anywhere on the mainland from Italy northwards is called "the Continent" in Elba—found that it was very difficult to stir out of the place because of the crowds of Elbans who blocked the street outside. Even without a great notability, they still teem there, day and night, and, anyway, Napoleon had to find somewhere else. At first he thought of turning the military barracks of St. Francis into a palace. But then he had a better idea and chose a house—or rather a pair of windmills, the Mulini—on a wonderful site to make into his first palace. He stayed in the town hall only three weeks. He requited the town's hospitality not too nicely by trying to sell the town hall. But someone must have been able to persuade him that it did not really belong to him.

'Anyway, it still belongs to the town. And so, for the matter of that, does the Mulini. When he had got back to Paris, on the fateful way to Waterloo, he caused instructions to be sent to Elba to present the house to the town. It would do, he said, for a casino. But his library must go with it. It would be nice to think that the library was still there. But it has been dispersed.

'It was at the Mulini that what someone later called Napoleon's "bourgeois partiality" for house-building began to be displayed. He took the two mills and turned them into a very pleasant house. There is the garden, and a terrace, and the bracket he rested his telescope on to look across the sea to the mainland and watch his own little fleet and the allied guardship sailing about. The comforts of the house were simple. They had to put a screen up in one of the main rooms to

conceal the bath. But it was charming, and there he lived, adjusting himself to a new and rather restricted manner of life. He held court there, often having to try to have the locals instructed in how to behave at a court. He had a sofa for a throne. He sat on it and dictated orders to secretaries to be copied out and handed to functionaries whom it would have been easier to call in from the next room—instructions about sowing grass seed instead of buying turves, and so on, as well as about new roads and reafforestation for his new little kingdom.

'But soon he thought he ought to have a summer place. Three miles away—all of three miles—he found the most delightful little house, at the head of a valley, with a view down the valley to the sea. It was

called San Martino. If you go to see it now the whole aspect is changed because the later owner, Prince Demidoff, who wanted to turn the place into a centre of Napoleon worship, built a great museum there. However, the little house still exists behind the not very characteristic museum. All that was in it was sold seventy-seven years ago. There is an odd, but still in its way interesting, collection of things more or less related to Napoleon in the museum now.

'Napoleon's passion for building had nice scope here. He had fireplaces put in. He employed Bargigli the sculptor as an architect to alter the place to his taste. As it stands today the house seems to be pretty much as Napoleon left it. His bedroom, like his bedroom at Malmaison, is decorated to look like a tent. And there is a charming little salon decorated with the well-known motif of the doves linked by a knotted blue silk ribbon: the knot tightens as the doves fly away from each other. The reference is to Marie-Louise and himself—too, too hopeful.



Henry VIII by Hans Holbein, which is on a short loan to the National Gallery: broadcasting about it in 'The Eye-witness' Basil Taylor said that it was painted in 1536, the year in which Katharine of Aragon died and Anne Boleyn was executed, and added that it was 'probably the first portrait of the king that Holbein painted, and perhaps the only painting of Henry entirely by Holbein's hand which still survives'

## FUNERAL TOMMY

'My Uncle Harry was not a morbid-minded chap', said WILL CLEMENCE in 'The Northcountryman', 'though you might say that he had a grim sense of humour. More than once I've heard him say, "Ah'd reytter goa to a funeral onny-day, ner a weddin'. The're allus a happier lot at a burryin'. Their troubles 's ower. T'other lot's nobbut just startin'".

'So it does seem a pity that Uncle Harry did not live long enough to meet my old friend "Funeral Tommy", for they must have had a lot in common. I suppose the difference between them lay in their method of approach, for whereas Uncle Harry had to wait until some near relative or friend had passed on, "Funeral Tommy" had no such limitations. Any funeral would do. Whether Tommy knew the dear departed or not (and mostly he did not) he would always join the mourners at an appropriate moment in the proceedings.

'You could hardly call him a professional mourner, for all he got out of it was the tea, sometimes a modest currant-teacake affair but more often a full-blown ham "do". Maybe funeral-gate-crasher would fit or, to be nearer the mark, a semi-professional mourner.

'He always dressed for the part; he could not have been otherwise, for the black serge suit and cap, with large white shirt front, comprised more or less his entire wardrobe. We will allow of course the tiny black stud-clipped bow tie and the heavy leather working boots; formality demands the first item and the condition of the graveyard the latter. Moreover, Tommy could look and, where necessary, act the part. He



had a thin, pale face and a raggy moustache profuse enough to cover any lip movements which might seem inappropriate on such solemn occasions. And his pale-blue eyes mirrored utter sorrow, besides being capable of flooding with water when confronted by close-mourners.

But the way Tommy used to attach himself to a party was in itself a work of art. Most of the town's funeral *cortèges* would join the cemetery road at a point near the centre of the main street, and it was at the corner of this street that the erstwhile mourner would place himself long before the vehicles hove into view.

Quite casual he looked as he leaned lazily against the stone wall enjoying a final drag at a short stump of cigarette. Then, as the procession approached, Funeral Tommy would flick the ash from his coat, extinguish the cigarette between forefinger and thumb, place the stub in an inner pocket, and immediately assume an expression of piety worthy of any working undertaker. Then, as the *cortège* wheeled into the cemetery road, cap clutched tight against his shirt front, Tommy would reverently bow his head and join whichever end of the procession consisted of those mourners who had failed to secure seats in the carriages. It was all done so casually—but, oh, so effectively, for never once did Tommy fail to become one of the party, in whose company he always remained until tea had been disposed of. After all, what funeral party would ever contemplate sorting out a gate-crasher—particularly in a main thoroughfare?

In all, Tommy must have attended more funerals than any undertaker in town. It might seem a dubious record; but he enjoyed every second of its making. There were folks who would say that the undertakers used to tip him off as to likely times and routes. And I rather imagine there must have been some truth in that because Funeral Tommy was never seen leaning against that wall for longer than a quarter of an hour at a time; and he was never known to leave that post on his own. Furthermore, people said that there were occasions when the tipping-off part had been done by the bereaved families themselves. In those days, a badly attended funeral was regarded as something of a social failure. And every little helped toward avoiding that, even Tommy.

### BROAD NORFOLK—OR SUFFOLK

'Dialect', said ERIC FOWLER in an East Anglian programme on V.H.F., 'is a thing that tells you a good deal about the character as well as the boundaries of a province. For instance, there is no better example of our East Anglian characteristic caution and reluctance to commit ourselves than the man who comes back from a football match at Norwich or Ipswich, where there may have been 20,000 spectators. Someone asks him: "Was there a big crowd?" "Oooh", he replies, "there was several there".'

In Norfolk we call it Broad Norfolk, and in Suffolk it is called Broad Suffolk, but in fact it laps over into north Essex and east Cambridgeshire as well, and it is really all the same language, although in Suffolk it is spoken with more of a sing-song than in Norfolk. It is different in pronunciation from any other English dialect, it has many of its own special words which you will hear nowhere else, and its own special turn of phrase.

'Like so much else in this part of England, our dialect is a sort of private possession. In origin it is almost pure Anglo-Saxon, with the addition of some Danish words, and a certain amount of French and Flemish derived from the Protestant refugees who fled here in the sixteenth century from the Spanish persecution in the Netherlands.

(They gave us words like *locum* for an attic window, which is what the East Anglian tongue made of the French *lucarne*. But the houses we call *housen*, which is Saxon, and so no doubt is the *troschel*, which means the threshold.) I am told our extensive and peculiar use of the word "do" is also part of our Saxon heritage. With us, it is not only the verb "do", but it can also mean "if" or "if so". Hence the old harvest supper toast to a popular landlord: "Here's to Mr. Coke an all his fambly, and du some o' his neighbours woos to du as he du, they con't du as they du du".'

'It is curious that we call it Broad Norfolk or Suffolk, because one of its strongest characteristics is that we do not broaden our vowels but we make them narrower. There is hardly such a thing as a round "o" in the whole of the eastern counties'.

### DELIGHTFUL PETS

'We had a number of hedgehogs in our garden this last season', said FLORENCE HOPPER in the North of England Home Service. 'I noticed them when the mandarin ducks made a commotion about the same time

each night. I thought it might be marauding rats which were bothering them, but when I took a strong light I found that a pair of large hedgehogs were sharing the ducks' supper of soaked biscuit. After that I put out two supplies each night and there was peace.

'Hedgehogs make delightful pets if you are quiet with them and show a little patience. It is the female which literally "wears the trousers"—she it is who chooses a home amongst dead leaves and litter, and it is she who does the courting. She will squeak round the fields and hedgerows of a night in search of a mate, scurrying about and making a soft, scratchy, rustling noise. When she finds



Female hedgehog and young

John Markham

the man of her choice she does her best to make herself attractable and agreeable, even to the length of smoothing her prickles until they lie close to her sides. When her babies are born, there are usually four or five, but under good conditions she may bear as many as eight. They are off-white in colour, soft and furry and their prickles, too, are soft. But as time goes on the coats darken and the prickles stiffen until, like their elders, they are fitted out with a natural defence that will defy the onslaughts of most other creatures.

'It is surprising how the hedgehog knows where to expect danger, for it will take no notice of a hare or rabbit, knowing at once that they are not amongst its natural enemies. Foxes will eat hedgehogs if they get the chance. Once rolled into a ball, the hedgehog is impregnable. But if water be near the fox will gingerly roll the balled-up urchin to the water and push it in. The hedgehog opens out and starts to swim, and that is the chance that the fox has waited for. Hedgehogs do not like water.'

'I remember once seeing a family of four young ones with their mother, out in the broad daylight after a particularly heavy thunderstorm. They wanted to cross the drive, but a miniature torrent had formed in the middle and this they could not or dared not cross. The mother hedgehog squealed and grunted at the water edge, so in the end I fetched a light plank and laid it across the water whilst she watched me. When the bridge was fixed she told her bairns to come along, and they all crossed in safety.

'Some farmers accuse hedgehogs of sucking the milk from cows lying in the fields, but I rather doubt this after inspecting our hedgehogs and noting the size of their mouths. All in all, I am beginning to think that the poor little hedgehog is a much-maligned creature'.



# The Dilemma of the Personnel Officer

By J. O. BLAIR-CUNYNGHAME

**P**ERSONNEL management may be regarded as that part of management—and notice that it is a part of general management—which is concerned with the individual employee and his relationship with other employees. Its object, then, is to maintain these relationships in such a way that each employee can make the most effective contribution to the undertaking as a whole.

## Training and Wise Promotion

Although the nature of the personnel officer's job varies greatly, there are nevertheless certain elements in it which are common to personnel management everywhere. These include not only getting the right men and women initially, but making the best of those one has, by subsequent training and wise promotion. It also means occasionally getting rid of the wrong ones by dismissal. Other important responsibilities are the fixing of remuneration and conditions of service at all levels, whether by negotiation with trade unions or not, dealing with individual or group grievances and ensuring that the employee gets a fair hearing, while preserving the authority of the boss. The personnel officer also has a special responsibility for alleviating hardship due to personal and other circumstances, for supervising certain services such as canteens and social and recreational activities, and—in a general way—for physical conditions of work. To these is often added a responsibility for ensuring that formal joint consultation is carried out, where this is part of the policy of the firm. The actual conduct of joint consultation by the management, if it is to be effective at all, must be the responsibility of the executive management, but since the management may not be used to meeting employees under such circumstances the personnel officer must be closely concerned with it, and will often be able to help considerably with advice and as regards procedure.

Finally, the personnel officer is becoming increasingly concerned with matters of organisation—and not only the informal situation which will always be influenced by people (fortunately enough), but with the formal pattern too, where his advice upon the best ways of carrying out a job and consequently upon the numbers and qualities of men or women required is frequently found to be helpful.

If this list of the responsibilities of the personnel function of management is accepted as broadly correct, they clearly add up to a sizeable contribution to the management of the firm and together represent to the employee almost every important point of contact between him and his employer—his initial selection, his subsequent promotion, his training, his pay, his conditions of work, his grievances and his difficulties. This must mean, therefore, that the branch of management responsible is bound to be in a position to influence considerably the effectiveness of the whole concern and in particular to contribute to the nature of that still rather mysterious factor described as morale.

From this there emerges one of the most controversial aspects of the personnel officer's job. Certainly, as I have already said, the personnel officer is an integral part of the management team and, despite a few misguided and mistaken affirmations to the contrary, mostly arising from that most common of all human weaknesses, a wish for power out of proportion to ability and position, this is now generally accepted by general management, personnel officers, unions and employees alike.

## When the Management is Wrong

Nevertheless, do not circumstances often arise in which the personnel officer, having examined a plea by an employee, or a group of employees, represented by a trade union official, comes to the conclusion that the original viewpoint of the management is wrong in some respect? It is all very well to say that this happens with all specialist branches of management from time to time, but is there not in fact a particular quality in the personnel officer's responsibilities for people, and therefore for basic values, which more frequently places him in a position of real dilemma than is the case with his colleagues? I think this must be so.

Contrary to general belief, the personnel officer's role as chief nego-

tiator with trade unions over pay and conditions of work, only rarely presents him with this particular kind of dilemma. The negotiation of wages and conditions of service has, partly by convention, assumed a disproportionate degree of importance as part of the personnel officer's exclusive job. The responsibility for the policy must always be that of the general management, who often conduct important negotiations in person. Additionally, these are now increasingly conducted on a national scale, in private enterprise often by representative bodies of employers, so that association of the personnel official, however senior, with a particular point of view may have only a relatively minor bearing either upon the outcome of the negotiations or upon his reputation in the eyes of trade unions, employees, or management generally.

I do not mean by this that the maintenance of a fair and effective salary and wage structure is not an extremely important part of a personnel officer's job. It certainly is. Moreover it is also a difficult task, particularly in very large firms. It is not at all easy to devise and maintain a salary structure in an industry with many different kinds of job, and spread perhaps over different parts of the country, which is at the same time consistent and fair, being based on a sound job analysis and yet with enough flexibility to reward exceptional merit. Even within a good salary structure the personnel officer has trying responsibilities in assessing the relative importance of various jobs, for however clear the job specification may seem to be there will always be marginal cases where in the last resort the decision is a matter of opinion. Nevertheless, these decisions are frequently shared with general management, and are not after all very different in principle from the responsibilities of any other branch of management.

## Reconciling Immediate Interests with what is Right

Far more frequently the personnel officer's peculiar difficulty arises over an individual case of fair treatment, often regarding promotion or perhaps concerning the effect upon a group of men of changes in the hours of work elsewhere in the concern. Here he may find himself really faced with a clash between the immediate interests and indeed the decision of general management, in the short run anyway, and his own conception of what is the right thing to do. In this kind of situation the personnel officer must ultimately seek guidance from his own conscience, like anyone else, but in fact he will probably go some way towards bringing general management round to his own way of thinking. The result may well be a compromise, but at least the point will have been made, and for reasons which spring from a sense of what is right, always tempered by the practicalities of the situation. In my experience action of this sort, guided by these motives, will almost invariably earn the personnel officer the respect of management, employees, and particularly of trade union officials.

It is important to remember that the responsibilities of personnel management are present whether or not there is a specialist branch of management for which these are a whole-time job. In other words the many firms, mostly of a relatively small size, which do not have men and women exclusively concerned with personnel work, are nevertheless confronted with precisely the same problems and difficulties. It is well to remember that such firms together represent a most important part of our industrial society. These smaller firms are spared one of the great temptations of the large firm—the weakness for employing personnel officers merely for the sake of doing so. There is a real risk that the larger firms will eagerly adopt personnel management without really understanding what it means, just because it is fashionable and carries with it a certain prestige. This is particularly true of the important field of management training and the application of new management methods and techniques. No big concern worth its salt these days can afford to be without its own specialists in this aspect of personnel management, or not to have a number of its executives always away on courses. The danger here lies in the blurring of general management's final responsibility for executive control by even a partial transfer of this authority to the specialist in the all-important field of human relationships.



Such an emasculation of general executive authority at the hands of the specialist has occurred before in the development of industrial management, with the advent of new skills and techniques in other fields, and it will probably occur again. Unless it is recognised, however, and appropriate steps taken by way of occasionally transferring the good specialist—not always at the top level—into general management, so that he interprets his wider responsibilities in the light of his particular interests and viewpoint, the result will inevitably be hesitant leadership and consequent frustration and loss of efficiency. This is a philosophy which the personnel specialist will find hard to accept, but ultimately it is the justification of his contribution to the better management of the concern in the widest sense.

General management must ultimately be responsible for every aspect of the management function and a general manager who fails to understand and take an interest in the people under him has a serious defect in his make-up. If he is young enough, every effort should be made by an enlightened concern to correct this weakness as far as possible. This can sometimes be achieved by the young general executive working for a time in the personnel department, but this is not always practicable, and not always successful if the man lacks the basic qualities.

### A Managerial Responsibility

Sir Frederic Hooper recently said that he thought a great deal of damage had been done by the growth of personnel officers and personnel departments. He thought it was a grave error to leave things to an expert, and that the handling of labour must always be a managerial responsibility which should not be devolved. He emphasised that the managing director should keep control in his own hands and that the whole labour force should know that. Sir Miles Thomas, in a recent article in one of the Sunday newspapers, while paying tribute to the important work of personnel managers, said much the same thing, and emphasised the importance of the personal touch by the managing director himself. I would not accept, in the terms in which I have quoted them, Sir Frederic Hooper's views entirely. I certainly should not agree with him that a lot of damage has been done by the growth of personnel officers and personnel departments, but in so far as he is emphasising the importance of the final responsibility being carried by the general management, I am with him all the way. For if there is a specialised personnel department the man in charge of it must be directly responsible to the chief executive, or at least be represented at the highest level of authority: if he is not, there is a serious risk of twin and contradictory personnel policies emerging, with disastrous consequences.

There are those who see the personnel officer's job as being no different from that of any other member of the management team, whose efforts as a whole should be exclusively directed to producing goods or a service at the greatest profit or as economically as possible. They would deny any special quality in the decisions which fall to personnel management and stoutly argue that there are no particular difficulties in the job such as I have been describing. Such critics, who have rarely performed the actual job themselves or experienced situations of this kind in industry incidentally, will readily charge personnel management with woolly idealism or reforming zeal. They will always find supporters. But against this view should be set the opinion of the growing number of executives in industry, both private and public, who attach much importance to making a more searching analysis of the nature of men's motives for doing things—or not doing them as the case may be—and who find that, where ascertainable, these motives must be taken fully into account if maximum efficiency is to be achieved. The proper solution of the personnel officer's moral dilemma, therefore, can also lead to an economic benefit.

We have now reached the stage when some measure must be attempted of the degree to which the objective of personnel management, as I described it at the beginning, can be said to have been achieved. Is the yardstick to be simply greater efficiency measured in terms of profit, or provision of a service at lower cost? Is it to be a greater human satisfaction or happiness at work—if indeed that is measurable at all—or is it to be something more particular in the shape of real income per head of working population, or per unit of effort at a given level of output, physical and mental? None of these is really satisfactory, and all of them are subject to the defect that without a control figure of some sort, showing what would have been the result if there had been no attempt at personnel management, the answer is bound to be somewhat uncertain.

A possible way of determining the value of personnel management to

industry is to see why it has become more widely recognised as important. Until comparatively recently—say twenty-five years ago—much of the personnel work was directed towards alleviating somewhat the more severe pressures of industrial and commercial life upon the well-being and happiness of the individual. This included improving working conditions, giving help when a man was sick or in some difficulty, arguing his case perhaps with the management when he was in danger of dismissal or in need of money: in other words, ensuring such treatment for the individual as seemed to be right by the standards of the day. This period, incidentally, almost certainly gave rise to the crusading spirit of certain of the older workers in the personnel field—a wonderful job they did, too—and is perhaps the cause indirectly of the charges of trying to reform industry from a kind of neutral position between management and employees.

Nowadays, however, things really are rather different. Society as a whole—and industrial society is but one aspect of it—demands that more and more attention be paid to the individual. Moreover, it has accepted readily that certain demands for a reasonable standard of living and a wider spread of satisfactions should be met wherever possible. Add to this, although it may well be partly as a result of it, a rapidly growing interest in the influences which bear upon men or women, not only as members of the group in which they work but of the many other groups in which they live out their lives, and the personnel element of management is seen to be nothing more or less than industrial society's response to these changes in the wider sphere.

Thus, far from personnel management being a policy of despair, constantly attempting to alleviate the damage to the individual by his participation in the working group in factory, field, or office, personnel management in fact enables industrial society to respond to the changing pattern of society as a whole without disastrous breakdown or even undue strain. On this basis, therefore, it would be fair to claim that the nature of the contribution made by personnel management is valuable and that while the final objective may well be near to perfection, and thus never seem to get any nearer, some considerable progress has nevertheless been made along the way.

### Not an Easy Lot

The lot of the personnel officer is not an easy one. He is a specialist in skills which he must constantly be pressing upon the general management, of which he forms a part; he will often be faced with difficult decisions on matters of principle upon which he can hope to receive little guidance except from his own conscience; he must always be ready and willing to accept advice and decisions in the personnel field from management generally, and he must remain on good terms with all. It is perfectly natural that any manager worth his salt, and whatever his special skill, will offer advice and take action in the personnel area of management. Indeed it is essential that this should be so, but it is always worth bearing in mind that very few men will ever admit to 'not being very good with people!'

It seems to me, as a practising personnel officer, that the job we do is clearly worth while in terms of objective and, therefore, satisfying; that if the nature of the demand for its performance be the yardstick—and it is not such a bad one—then we are some way yet from perfection in practice, although the latest developments in technique are continually hailed by the uninitiated as something near to this. Finally, at the risk of being regarded by some of my friends, and most of my critics, as an idealist, and even a reformer at times, I should like to reaffirm my own conviction that the job is worth doing for its own sake: that is, for the men and women for whom one has a responsibility, however small.

—Third Programme

The distinguished Kentucky-born American novelist, Robert Penn Warren, made an interviewing tour through the southern United States on behalf of *Life* magazine, to study the working of *Segregation* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 9s. 6d.), subsequent to the passing of the Supreme Court ruling about schools. Mr. Warren writes with style, and the vignettes of spokesmen for the differing points of view are vivid enough, though somewhat elliptical for any reader who has not been passionately interested in the problem. Except for his emphasis on the psychological aspect, the self-division within the minds of the white Southerners, there is little which could not have been foreseen by an acute reader who knew that Mr. Warren was both a loyal Southerner and 'liberal', in the American sense of the term. The English publishers have provided a symbolic dust-cover and binding sharply divided into black and white sections, the black being much the larger.



# The Most Cultured of all Romans

By ROBERT GRAVES

**I** ONCE wrote a life of the Emperor Claudius, which somehow became a best-seller, and have often since been approached by publishers with tempting offers if I would write a companion life of his successor and murderer, the Emperor Nero. Yet, despite the pressing demands of a large family, I still baulk at the job. Though Claudius had pleasant traits and his Ugly Duckling history has always fascinated me, Nero was one of the least lovable of all the ancient Romans, who are a most unlovable race. All the same, I shall now tell you about Nero, not Nero the monster but Nero the artist, which is drawing-room comedy rather than Grand Guignol.

In my last talk\* I pointed out that the Romans were educated first by the Etruscans, and then by the Greeks. But by Nero's time the Etruscans had disappeared, and when he decided to be an artist he naturally turned to the Greeks—who assured him that, for success, he needed only to train under the best masters.

At the age of seventeen Nero had inherited what was, in theory, a limited monarchy, controlled by a Senate and Consuls; but after experimenting to discover the full extent of his powers and finding them absolute, he did exactly as he pleased. However, he did not consider it enough merely to inherit power: he wanted to be admired for his own qualities, and since the empire was running well enough under the bureaucracy set up by Claudius, and since he shrank from the dangers of the battlefield, he decided instead to be the greatest and most universal artist who had ever lived.

Nero was not a psychotic, as Caligula became after his illness or as Tiberius became after his nervous breakdown, when he went to Capri. It can be argued only that he had something of Lord Byron's megalomania: his wish to do well in the world was induced by a neglected early childhood. During his mother's banishment from Rome the family barber had acted as his tutor. Later, when things improved, we hear that Nero became an eloquent speaker, then turned his hand to poetry, and would dash off verses without any effort. The historian Suetonius writes: 'It is often claimed that Nero published other people's work as his own; but notebooks and loose pages have come into my possession, which contain some of Nero's best-known poems in his own handwriting, and have clearly been neither copied nor dictated. Many erasures and cancellations, as well as words substituted above the lines, prove that he was thinking things out for himself'. He recited his own poems, at home and in the theatre, and his performance so delighted everyone that a special thanksgiving was voted him, as though he had won a great victory. The passages he had chosen were printed in letters of gold on plaques dedicated to Capitoline Jove. These poems have not survived, but if they had been ill-written or plagiaristic Suetonius would surely have quoted adverse comments on them, probably in the form of those nasty epigrams, of which there were many in circulation, about his private affairs. But nothing like that is said. Besides, verse writing was a family tradition. Julius Caesar, Augustus, and Tiberius had all been minor poets, and Nero's grandfather Germanicus had composed a prize-winning Greek play. My guess is that Nero was a typical third-rate Latin poet. (For that matter even second-rate poets were extremely rare at Rome.) Nero also took more than an amateur's interest in painting and sculpture.

He founded the Neronia, a festival of competitions in music, literature, gymnastics and horsemanship, which he modelled on the Greek ones held every five years. At the prize-giving he went down in person to accept the laurel wreath for Latin oratory and verse, which had been

reserved for him by the unanimous vote of all the distinguished competitors.

Music formed part of his childhood curriculum, and he early developed a taste for it. Soon after his succession to the throne he summoned Terpnus, the greatest lyre-player of the day, to sing to him when dinner had ended, and kept him at it for several nights running until a very late hour. Then, little by little, he began to study and practise himself, and conscientiously undertook all the usual exercises for strengthening and developing the voice. He used to lie on his back with a slab of lead on his chest, he used enemas and emetics to keep down his weight, and he refrained from eating apples and every other food

considered bad for the vocal cords. In the end, although his voice was still feeble and husky, he was pleased enough with his progress to have theatrical ambitions, and in conversation with his friends he used to quote the Greek proverb: 'Unheard melodies are never sweet'.

His first stage appearance was at the Greek city of Naples where, taking no notice of an earthquake which happened to shake the theatre, he sang his piece through to the end. He often performed there for several consecutive days, too; and even when he was giving his voice a brief rest he could not keep out of the theatre, but used to go and dine in the orchestra with the players. There he promised the crowd (in Greek) that, when he had downed a drink or two, he would give them something to make their ears ring. He was so captivated by the rhythmic applause of some Alexandrian sailors from a fleet which had just put in that he sent to Egypt for more. He also chose a few young knights, and more than 5,000 ordinary young men, and divided them into claque, to learn the Alexandrian method of applause and provide it liberally whenever he sang. These claque were known, respectively, as 'bees', 'roof-tiles', and 'brickbats'. The 'bees' made a loud humming noise. The 'roof-tiles' clapped with their hollowed hands; the 'brickbats' clapped flat-handed. It was easy to recognise them by their bushy hair,



Marble head of Nero (reigned A.D. 54-68) from the Palatine and now in the National Museum, Rome

their splendid dress, and the absence of rings on their left hands. (Rings would interfere with the noise of the clapping.) The knights who led them earned four gold pieces a performance.

What I find most interesting about Nero is that he alone was able to demonstrate, in ideal laboratory conditions, the unrepressed cultural ambitions of a Roman—just as Alexander the Great (whom I find an almost equally nasty character) was able to demonstrate those of a Macedonian. The great Augustus had been handicapped not only by his wife Livia's domination of him but also by a fear that the republican spirit might happen to well up again and wash him away out of power. But Nero did not allow his wife to interfere with his career and he found he had the Romans just where he wanted them.

We hear that appearances at Rome meant so much to him that, after being awarded the wreath for the lyre solo at the Neronia, he held the festival again before the required five years elapsed. When the crowd clamoured to hear his heavenly voice he answered that he would perform later in the palace gardens if anyone really wanted to hear him; but when the guards on duty seconded the appeal for an immediate solo he delightedly agreed to oblige them. They say he wasted no time in getting his name entered on the list of competing lyre-players, and dropped his ticket into the urn along with the others. Guards colonels carried his lyre as he went up to play, and a group of his close friends accompanied him. After taking his place and briefly begging the audience's kind attention, he made an ex-Consul announce the title



of the song. It was the whole of the opera 'Niobe'; and he sang on hour after hour until just before dusk. Since this gave the remaining competitors no time to perform he postponed the award of a prize to the following year, which would give him another opportunity to sing. But a year was a long time to wait, so he continued to make frequent appearances, especially in operatic tragedies, taking the parts of heroes and gods and sometimes even of heroines and goddesses. In the latter case he wore masks either modelled on his own face, or on the face of whatever woman happened to be his current mistress. He also took up chariot driving.

Yes, Nero was a dreadful fellow; but one must allow that he showed a fine professional spirit in continuing to sing during that earthquake, in 'the show must go on' tradition—Italian audiences panic very easily. And to sing a whole opera through was a tremendous strain on the memory as well as the voice—and his voice was not strong. It is not as though he hired someone else to impersonate him. He really did his stuff.

These amateur incursions into the arts at Rome did not satisfy him, and he headed for Greece. His main reason was that the cities which regularly sponsored musical contests had adopted the practice of sending him every available prize for lyre-playing; he always accepted these with great pleasure, giving the delegates the earliest audience of the day and also invitations to private dinners. They would beg him to sing after the meal, and applaud his performance to the echo, which made him say: 'The Greeks alone are worthy of my genius; they really listen to music'.

### Going the Rounds in Greece

In Greece he went the round of all the city contests. No one was allowed to leave the theatre during his recitals, however pressing the reason, and the gates were kept tightly shut. Suetonius says 'We read of women in the audience giving birth, and of men being so bored with the music that they furtively dropped down from the wall at the rear, or shammed dead and were carried away for burial'. But I think that is an exaggeration.

Suetonius continues: 'Nero's stage fright and general nervousness, his jealousy of rivals, and his awe of the judges, were more easily seen than believed'. Although usually gracious and charming to other competitors, whom he treated as equals, he was very catty about them behind their backs, and often insulted them to their faces; and if any were particularly good singers he used to bribe them not to do themselves justice. Before every performance he used to address the judges with the utmost deference: saying that he had done what he could, and that the issue was now in Fortune's hands; but that since they were men of judgement and experience they would know how to eliminate the factor of chance. When they told him not to worry he felt a little better, but still anxious; and said that he suspected them all.

In these contests 'he strictly observed the rules, never daring to clear his throat and even using his fore-arm, rather than a handkerchief, to wipe the sweat from his brow'. Once, while acting in a tragedy, he dropped his sceptre, quickly recovered it, but was terrified of being disqualified. His accompanist, however—who played a flute and made the necessary dumb-show to illustrate the words—assured him privately that the slip had passed unnoticed because the audience were listening with such rapt attention; so he took heart again.

Returning to Italy, Nero disembarked at Naples, where he ordered part of the city wall to be razed—which was the Greek custom whenever the victor in any of the Sacred Games came home. For his processional entry into the city he chose the chariot which Augustus had used in his triumph nearly a hundred years before, and wore a Greek mantle spangled with gold stars over a purple robe. The Olympic wreath was on his head, the Pythian wreath in his right hand, the others were carried before him, with advertisements where and against whom he had won them, what songs he had sung, and in what plays he had acted. Victims were sacrificed in his honour all along the route, which was sprinkled with perfume, and the common people showered him with song-birds, ribbons, and sweet-meats as compliments on his voice. He hung the wreaths above the couches in his sleeping quarters, and set up several statues of himself playing the lyre. He also had a coin struck with the same device.

After this he saved his voice by addressing the troops only in written orders or in speeches delivered by someone else; and attended no entertainment or official business unless he had a voice-trainer standing by him, telling him when to spare his vocal chords and when to protect his mouth with a handkerchief.

Nero was accused of deliberately setting fire to Rome. This may have been because he watched the conflagration from the Tower of Maecenas, enraptured by what he called 'the beauty of the flames'; then put on his tragedian's costume and sang an opera, 'The Fall of Ilium', all through.

Because he had swept the board of all public prizes offered for acting, and was also an enthusiastic wrestler—during his tour of Greece he had never missed a single athletic meeting—most people expected him to take part in the classical events at the next Olympic Games. He used to squat on the ground in the stadium, like the judges, and if any pair of competitors worked away from the centre of the ring would push them back himself. Because of his singing and chariot-driving he had been compared to Phoebus Apollo. Now, apparently, he planned to become a Hercules, for according to one story, he had arranged for a lion to be so carefully trained that he could safely face it naked, before the entire amphitheatre; after which he would either kill it with his club or strangle it.

### Celebration with Bagpipe

But the revolution in Gaul broke out, and things looked bad, so he took a public oath that if he managed to keep his throne he would celebrate the victory with a musical festival, and in it perform successively on water-organ, flute, and bagpipes; and, as a grand finale, would dance the role of Turnus in Virgil's 'Aeneid'. He also composed popular songs ridiculing the rebel leaders. But the situation grew worse. When his courtiers unanimously insisted on his trying to escape from the miserable fate threatening him, he lost heart. He ordered them to dig a grave at once, of the right size, and fetch wood and water for the disposal of his corpse. As they bustled about obediently, he muttered through his tears: 'Dead! And so great an artist!'

As I say, Nero was an ordinary, unlovable Roman, who exploited his unique opportunity of showing how cultured a Roman could become. But a great many art-lovers applauded him sincerely, took him at his own valuation, and when he was dead, laid spring-flowers on his tomb every year: they also revived his songs. This I find the most remarkable thing about him. We all know how easy it is to force a song into popularity by plugging and ballyhoo; but Nero's cannot have been at all bad to have been revived at a time when his crimes were generally execrated and when Rome was in such a very poor financial condition as a result. And it was not every Roman who could perform, even indifferently, on a lyre, a flute, bagpipes or water-organ, and be the leading dancer in a full-scale opera.

There is something very ingenious about his reply to the astrologers when they told him that he would one day be deposed: he said: 'A simple craft will keep a man from want'. He imagined himself as a strolling musician, picking up money in the provincial theatres by the use of his pipe, lyre, and flute.—*Third Programme*

## Creeds

You believe in coffee grounds,  
Tea-cup fortunes, gambler's chance:  
I believe in your eyes' dance.

You believe in fairy tales,  
Dreams and lucky days or ill:  
I believe the lies you tell.

You believe in some vague God,  
A special Saint who guards you here;  
For so much sin, just so much prayer.

I believe in coloured hours,  
Blue and rose, when your delights  
Are granted me through sleepless nights.

In all that I believe, my faith  
Is so profound, so deep, so true,  
That I can only live for you!

BRIAN HILL

(after VERLAINE's *Chansons pour Elle*. No. XX)



## The Chemical Basis of Life—IV

## The Role of Nucleic Acids

By E. F. GALE

**D**O you remember that little verse by Swift?

... A flea  
Hath smaller fleas that on him prey;  
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,  
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.

Just as we are subject to disease as a result of infection of our bodies by bacteria, so is the bacterial cell itself subject to infection by viruses. The viruses that attack bacteria are called 'bacteriophages' (or 'phage' for short) and bring about the death of their hosts by growing inside the bacterial cells until these eventually burst or lyse. Bacteriophages are extremely small and could not be studied until the advent of the electron microscope enabled us to use magnifications far greater than those attainable with the usual optical microscope. Electron microscope pictures of bacteriophages show many of them to have a shape reminiscent of that of a tadpole—a roundish head with a long tail. Structurally a bacteriophage appears to be simpler than bacterial cells or cells of higher tissues. From a biochemical point of view, the bacteriophage consists of a skein of deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA) folded and enclosed within the head which consists of an envelope of protein. The tail appears to consist of a tube entering the head at one end and closed at the outer end. You will notice that the bacteriophage differs from other sorts of cell which I discussed last week\* in that it possesses only one type of nucleic acid: DNA.

When a bacteriophage attacks a susceptible bacterium, it first attaches itself to the wall of the bacterial cell by its tail. Stereoscopic photographs taken with the aid of the electron microscope show infected cells looking like pin-cushions with bacteriophage pins sticking into the surface of the cell. Fine analysis of the cell wall shows that the attachment of the phage tail causes actual damage to the wall, and it is fascinating, and plausible, to think that the phage tail is inserted through an actual hole it makes in the wall. Almost immediately after the bacteriophage tail has attached itself to the bacterial cell wall, the DNA passes from the head of the phage through the tail and is injected into the interior of the bacterium: on account of this action the bacteriophage has been likened to a tiny syringe. The head of the phage is now empty and the empty 'ghost'—that is, the protein envelope—remains hanging on to the outside of the infected cell rather like a deflated balloon. It appears to play no further part in the development of the infection.

From the moment the phage DNA is injected into the bacterial cell, the metabolism of that cell alters. It alters in the sense that all its synthetic activities are now directed towards the production of bacteriophage material instead of bacterial cell components. Thus the general synthesis of cell protein ceases but synthesis of the proteins that go to make up bacteriophage envelopes continues; the synthesis of ribonucleic acid (RNA)—which is essential to the bacterium but not to the phage—ceases, while the synthesis of DNA switches from bacterial DNA to bacteriophage DNA. If we look upon the bacterial cell as a factory tooled up for the production of more bacteria, then the arrival of bacteriophage DNA switches the production line just as the appointment of an agriculturally minded managing director might switch the production of a factory from cars to tractors.

Once the bacteriophage DNA is injected into the bacterial cell, there follows a short period during which the DNA seems to disappear and no new phage or aggregates of DNA can be seen inside the cell. Electron microscope examination at this stage shows, however, that a profound disturbance is taking place inside the cell and the cellular

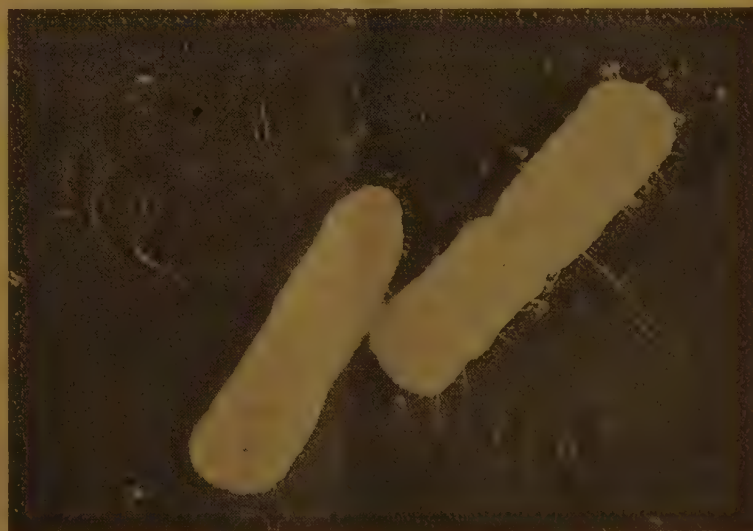
contents appear to be undergoing reorganisation. A few minutes later—and the whole process of infection, formation of new phages and bursting of the host cell takes place within half an hour or less—aggregates of DNA can be seen forming inside the infected cell. At a still later stage these aggregates become enclosed in protein coats and are recognisable as new bacteriophages. Once the new phages have been properly formed, the walls of the host cell break down and the cell bursts, liberating the new phages into the medium. The process results in a considerable multiplication of the bacteriophage; the bacterium may initially be infected with one phage but it will liberate several hundred when it bursts. These new phages will proceed to infect other cells in the neighbourhood and these will, in turn, burst to give rise to still further phages. Consequently once a cell becomes infected in a bacterial culture, the infection will quickly spread throughout the whole culture. The spread of infection in a culture is often dramatic and can usually be seen even without the aid of microscopes. Bacteria are normally grown in test-tubes containing some sort of broth; this broth is usually a clear yellowish-brown liquid. When a culture grows in such a medium, the broth goes cloudy with organisms. If such a culture is infected with bacteriophages, the cells begin to burst, and the cloudiness gradually disappears until the broth becomes completely clear again.

But to return to the DNA which is injected by the phage after infection. In the last talk I said we have reason to believe that DNA exerts some controlling action upon the synthetic activities of cells, particularly with reference to the synthesis of proteins. I suggested that it would be most interesting if we could alter the nucleic acids within a cell and then see what would happen to the synthetic activities of that cell. The bacteriophage provides us with an opportunity to do just such an experiment. The injection of bacteriophage DNA into a bacterial cell results in a rapid change in the metabolism of the infected cell; a change that results in the synthesis of bacteriophage components instead of bacterial cell



Electronmicrograph of bacteriophage. The white line at the bottom represents one micron (a millionth of a metre)

By courtesy of Professor Robley Williams,  
University of California



Electronmicrograph of two bacteria, one (at the right) infected with bacteriophage

By courtesy of Professor T. Anderson,  
University of Philadelphia

\* In a talk printed in THE LISTENER of February 28



material. Is this change of synthesis based upon an alteration in the enzymes of the cell or does it arise simply from a rearrangement of existing catalytic processes? It is possible to prove that there is a synthesis of completely new enzymes in the following way:

Let us take two closely related organisms—mutants of the same stock—which differ in that one is able to carry out a particular synthesis and the other is not. Let us say that one organism can synthesise a particular amino-acid A while the other cannot make A and, consequently, is unable to grow in any medium which does not contain A already present. Now let us grow bacteriophage in the organism which *can* make A, remove the phage and let it infect a culture of the second organism which cannot make A. We shall now find that the second organism, after infection, has acquired the ability to make A. In other words, phage infection has transferred the ability to synthesise the amino-acid A from the first organism, called the donor cell, to the second organism, called the acceptor cell. The ability to synthesise A depends, of course, on the presence of the necessary enzymes. So injection of DNA from the donor cell into the acceptor cell by the action of the bacteriophage has enabled the acceptor cell to synthesise new enzymes. Once again we come to the conclusion that altering the DNA inside a cell results in an alteration in the nature of the proteins that are made inside that cell.

### Investigating the Cell

These various experiments with chromosomes, transforming principles, and bacteriophage infections all indicate that DNA can and does influence the sort of protein synthesis that goes on in a living organism. But it is no more than an indication: we now need to go further and obtain direct experimental proof that there is a relationship between protein synthesis and nucleic acids. Now, most cells, including micro-organisms, are protected from the external environment by an enclosing membrane through which many substances cannot pass. Proteins and nucleic acids are, as you will have gathered, comparatively big molecules and, although there are exceptions, it is generally true to say that they cannot pass freely through the surface membranes of most cells. Consequently, if we wish to study the direct interactions of proteins and nucleic acids, our experiments are going to be severely restricted by the presence of such membranes and we shall proceed more easily if we can work with cell extracts or, at least, cell preparations which are not enclosed in intact membranes. If we try to break cells open, we immediately come up against another difficulty: proteins form such an important part of the cell and protein synthesis is so dependent upon integration of many cellular reactions that most attempts to break the cell destroy the whole synthetic system. What is needed is some way of damaging the cell to an extent that will allow us to take nucleic acids out—and put them back—but which will not destroy the ability of the cell to make proteins.

Within the last two or three years a certain amount of success has been obtained. In Cambridge University, in our attempts to tackle this problem, we have worked mainly with a bacterium, *Staphylococcus aureus*, which causes boils and other pus-forming troubles. It is an organism possessing a number of properties that make it excellent material for studies on protein synthesis. It is a very small, spherical organism normally enclosed in a tough outer wall and a membrane of the nature I have mentioned. We found that if we took a heavy concentration of these organisms and subjected them to supersonic vibration—that is vibration at a frequency far above the range of the ear—the membranes of a proportion of the cells were torn but the cells suffered little other damage. We then separated these slightly damaged cells from those which were not affected at all and from the debris of those which were completely disintegrated. Since the walls and membranes of these cells were torn, some of the cell contents had, as you would expect, leaked out; in fact, about half of their protein and nucleic acid had escaped but—and this is the important thing—the remainder of the broken cell retained the ability to synthesise protein. Again, since the outer walls and membranes of the cells were torn, we could get into the cells with various reagents known to dissolve nucleic acids, and with enzymes which destroy nucleic acids. When we did this we found that the ability of the preparations to make proteins disappeared. This might have been due to the fact that we had damaged the cells still further, but, fortunately, we found that we could restore their ability to make proteins by putting back the nucleic acids which we had extracted. This, then, gave us a direct experimental demonstration that the ability to make proteins depends upon the presence of nucleic acids.

The next thing to find out was whether both RNA and DNA were

concerned, since our nucleic acid extracts contained both types. It has not yet been possible to get completely clean-cut results but we do know that, if we remove RNA, protein synthesis stops and is restored by putting back RNA. On the other hand, if we remove both RNA and DNA we have to restore both before the preparation can make protein. We find that the ability to make a particular protein, say an enzyme, depends upon the presence of DNA but the cell cannot proceed to make that protein unless RNA is also present or can be made by the cell.

These results, together with the findings with transforming principles and bacteriophage actions, have led those of us who are working in the field to put forward the following hypothesis: DNA is the substance that determines which proteins are made in a cell but the actual synthesis of those proteins is brought about by RNA. In other words, DNA is the architect and RNA is the builder. The three types of molecule that we are considering—proteins, RNA, and DNA—are all chain-like molecules built up from units arranged in specific sequences; it is possible that the sequence of the nucleotide units in DNA in some way acts as a pattern on which specific RNA molecules are built, and the sequence of the nucleotide units in the RNA molecules then determines the sequence of the amino-acid units during the synthesis of specific proteins.

There is a very large gap between our hypothesis and any actual understanding of the mechanism whereby proteins are made. The most promising thing is that we now have an experimental system in which direct investigation of this mechanism can be attempted—and the broken staphylococcal cell is only one of the preparations which can now be used for this purpose. It is only by direct experimental test that we can find the flaws in our hypotheses and proceed to construct new ones that may be slightly nearer the truth. For example, our experiments tell us that RNA is essential for protein synthesis and chemical analysis tells us that RNA is a molecule built up from four different nucleotide units. Consequently we construct a hypothesis such as the one I have just outlined. But chemical analysis of a biological preparation does not always reveal *all* its components; 95 per cent.—possibly even 99 per cent.—of RNA may be composed of four nucleotides but there may be 5 per cent. or less which has escaped chemical analysis in the absence of any test to tell us that there is something missing from the analysis. The broken staphylococcal cell enables us to carry out such a test: as soon as we begin to take RNA to pieces and to test the activity of the pieces, we find that there is something present other than the four nucleotides and that this something, present in minute amounts, is essential for protein synthesis. I cannot tell you what this something is yet. It is present in such small amounts that it is difficult to make enough of it for identification purposes. To identify and examine the action of this substance or substances is, in fact, the present task in my laboratory and we are working up quantities of nucleic acid from numbers of bacteria that run into truly astronomical dimensions.

In our own work then it is possible that we have got hold of one of the essential pieces of the mechanism. Another group of workers in America has isolated small granules or particles from liver cells; these particles prove to consist of equal amounts of protein and RNA. Under suitable conditions these particles are able to take up amino-acids and add them on to the protein part of the granules. Their activity is feeble and it is not yet certain whether it represents a true synthesis of protein or whether it is only a part of the mechanism. Nevertheless it is possible to study this activity in detail and find out the nature of the other substances that have to be present in the medium before the particle can add on amino-acids—and a remarkably complex system is beginning to emerge.

### In Search of the Connecting Link

In laboratories scattered over the world, research workers are beginning to learn something of this basic mechanism of living cells. Different groups are studying different types of biological preparation and facts are slowly accumulating; many of the facts seem unconnected and incapable of interpretation. But some day—soon, I believe—someone will discover the connecting link. It may come from a new experiment or from a sudden flash in the brain of a research worker; then all these facts will click into position in a coherent scheme. And, although it is the solution of the problem that is all important, research workers are human after all and it is inevitable that each of us hopes that he will be the first to have that flash. In the meantime we console ourselves with the words of Herrick:

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt:

Nothing so hard, but search will find it out.

—Third Programme



# The Discoverer of Radio Waves

J. A. RATCLIFFE on the achievement of Heinrich Hertz

IN the year 1800 Thomas Young wrote a book on physics in which he described what was then known of electricity and of magnetism. The electricity was not what we now think of as electricity; it was the kind we can produce by rubbing a fountain pen on our sleeve so that it will attract small bits of paper. The magnetism was produced by naturally occurring lodestones and by artificial magnets and compass needles. Young says in his book that he sees no reason to suppose that there is any immediate connection between magnetism and electricity.

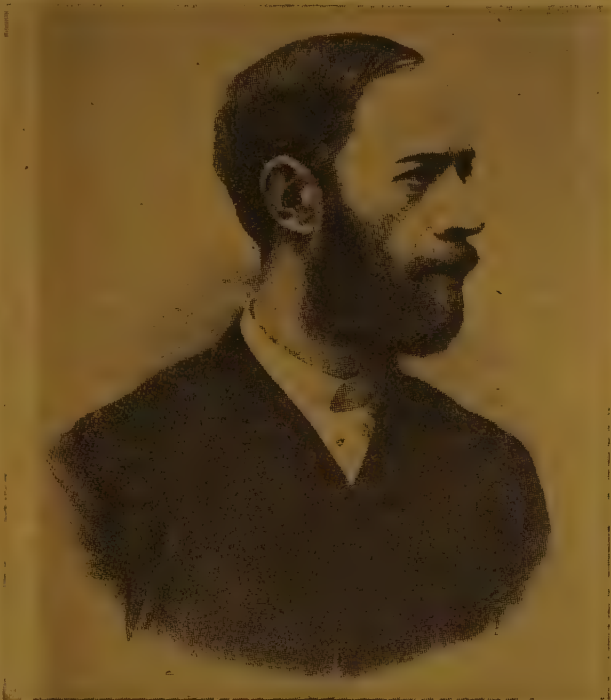
Young was one of the leading physicists of his time, and his statement probably represented what most physicists thought, but it turned out to be just about as wrong as any statement could be. Twenty years later, in 1820, Oersted showed that electric currents could produce magnetism, and in 1831 Faraday showed that magnets could produce electric currents, so that there was, indeed, a very close relation between the two.

In the following years many scientists studied how the electric and magnetic effects, which they called electric and magnetic 'fields', were distributed near magnets, near electrical charges, and near electric currents. One of those who thought about these matters more deeply than others was Clerk Maxwell, who came to the conclusion that if an electric current was repeatedly reversed sufficiently rapidly it would produce electric and magnetic effects or 'fields' that would detach themselves from the wire and would travel away on their own with a definite and calculable speed. This was a most remarkable suggestion. Up to that time physicists had realised that if you changed a current the associated electric and magnetic fields would change also, but no one had thought that these fields would, so to speak, break away from the current that produced them and travel off into space on their own. But that was Maxwell's idea. He said that if you caused a current to oscillate rapidly for a short time, and then stopped it, an oscillatory wave of electric and magnetic field would be started off, and it would travel away from the current and continue to travel to greater and greater distances, and it would still be in existence long after the current had stopped oscillating. He suggested that these electromagnetic waves were the same as light waves, and to make this suggestion plausible he showed that he could calculate the speed of light from some electrical measurements made in the laboratory.

As so often happens in science, the line of thought that led Maxwell to suggest the existence of these electro-magnetic waves was complicated, and it was not at all clearly expressed in his writings. Although nowadays the train of reasoning is seen to be simple, and is taught to all physics or engineering students, it was understood by only a few of Maxwell's contemporaries. At the time of his death in 1879 there was little experimental evidence in favour of his theory, though there was none against it. The most that could be claimed for it was the Scottish verdict of not-proven. It obtained very little support outside a small group of young Cambridge men, and on the Continent, in particular, it was not clearly understood, nor was it believed.

In science it is all very well to have a theory, but until someone has shown experimentally that what the theory predicts really does happen not very much notice will be taken of it. After all, theories are often wrong, and when one is as difficult to understand as Maxwell's people find it easier still to believe that it might be wrong. What was

needed to convince people that it was correct was the production of electromagnetic waves from electric currents, and the clear experimental demonstration that these waves travelled, and that their speed was what Maxwell had calculated. This demonstration was made in 1888 by Heinrich Hertz, the centenary of whose birth has just been celebrated. By this one experiment alone he is established as one of the leading names in the history of electrical science. As soon as the results of his experiments were published it was realised that although Maxwell's theory might be difficult it was right, and many scientists set to work to improve Hertz's methods for producing the waves. It is waves of this kind that are now used in all wireless transmissions.



Heinrich Hertz, discoverer of radio waves, the centenary of whose birth occurred last month

Science Museum

Let us consider just what Hertz did in his famous experiments. He realised that if he was to prove Maxwell's theory by producing electromagnetic waves, he must obtain a current which reversed its direction very rapidly, that he must devise a detector of the expected waves, and that he must somehow show that the effects really 'did' travel, with a measured speed that could then be compared with Maxwell's calculated value. As long ago as 1853 Kelvin had shown that it was possible to produce rapidly oscillating currents with a piece of apparatus common in physical laboratories at that time—a Leyden jar. Hertz decided to use one of these as the source of his waves. As receiver, or detector, of the waves he used a loop of wire connected to a small spark gap, and he found that when he put this near the oscillating current minute sparks were observable. He could measure the strength of the electric and magnetic fields by the brightness of the spark.

There was nothing new in detecting an electric effect near a rapidly changing current; that was known long before. But what Hertz did was to arrange matters so that he could decide whether the electric effect travelled away from the oscillating current, as Maxwell had predicted. This

he did by arranging to reflect the wave from a sheet of metal placed against the opposite wall of the room so that on its way back it combined with the forward going wave and produced, at a series of different distances, alternate strong and weak electric fields. He sought out these places with his sparking detector and showed that they occurred just as they would if Maxwell's wave was present.

As soon as Hertz had demonstrated clearly the reality of Maxwell's freely travelling waves all physicists believed in the theory, in spite of its difficulties, and many experiments were made to try to produce and utilise these new electromagnetic waves. Today, about seventy years later, wireless, or radio, waves are used all over the world for different purposes. Most of the uses are concerned with the transmission of messages, either from commercial stations using the morse code or from stations radiating broadcast sound or television pictures. These uses are well known, but now I would like to tell you something about other uses of the waves that are not so familiar. One of the most important of these enables ships and aircraft to determine their positions when they are out of sight of land. It works in the following way. Suppose three morse dots, each consisting of short bursts of signal, are sent simultaneously from three radio stations at three known places. They will be received simultaneously by a ship or aircraft only if it is equally distant from all three senders. If they are not all received at once, and if the time intervals between them are measured,

(continued on page 386)



# NEWS DIARY

February 27-March 5

## Wednesday, February 27

Mrs. Meir, the Israeli Foreign Minister, sees Mr. Dulles in Washington. U.S. State Department reaffirms its support for U.N. pressure on Israel

Arab leaders publish *communiqué* after meeting in Cairo in which they condemn British 'aggression' against Yemen

President of the Board of Trade mentions in the Commons the possibility of a cut in entertainments tax

## Thursday, February 28

The Council of the British Medical Association upholds recommendation that doctors shall leave the National Health Service unless their pay claim is met

Coal miners' output reaches a record post-war figure

## Friday, March 1

Israeli Foreign Minister informs the United Nations General Assembly that Israel will withdraw completely from the Gaza strip and the Gulf of Akaba on certain assumptions derived from recent statements made by U.N. and U.S. officials

Lady Megan Lloyd George wins Carmarthen by-election for Labour

## Saturday, March 2

Israeli Cabinet holds emergency meeting to discuss position arising after the previous day's debate in the U.N. General Assembly

U.S. Senate rejects amendment to President Eisenhower's resolution on the Middle East which would have blocked the provision for economic aid

The Duchess of Kent arrives in the Gold Coast to represent H.M. the Queen at the celebrations marking the colony's transformation into the self-governing Commonwealth state of Ghana

## Sunday, March 3

Israeli Cabinet again meets to discuss the question of withdrawal

The German Federal Government agrees to pay £50,000,000 towards the cost of maintaining British troops in western Germany during the coming year

## Monday, March 4

Israeli Prime Minister orders complete withdrawal from Gaza Strip and Gulf of Akaba

Opposition motion accusing President of Board of Trade of a premature disclosure of a Budget intention is defeated in Commons

## Tuesday, March 5

Plans are announced for speeding up Britain's nuclear electricity programme

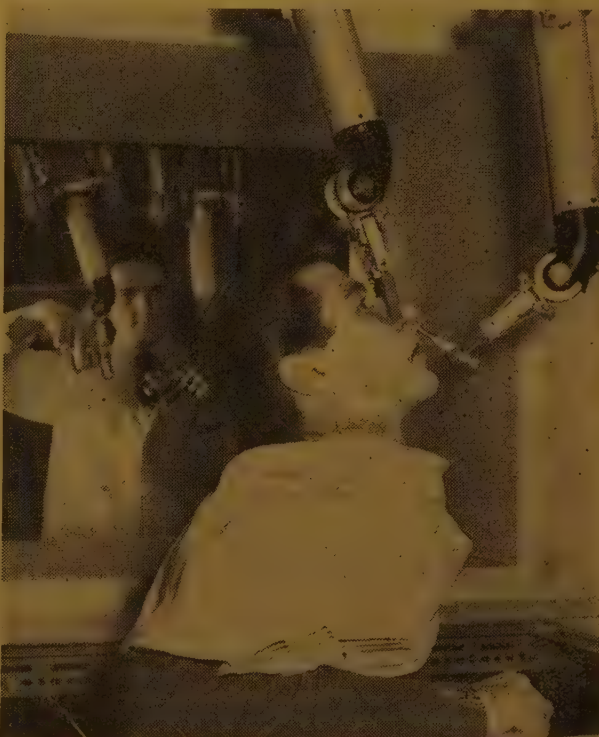
Demonstrations take place in Jerusalem against Mr. Ben-Gurion's Government

Mr. Dulles makes statements about future of Suez Canal and Gulf of Akaba



Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Colonel-in-Chief of the Welsh Guards, attended the regiment's traditional St. David's Day ceremony at Chelsea Barracks on March 1. Her Majesty is seen in the photograph distributing leeks

Right: the bathyscaphe *Trieste* being lowered into the water at Castellammare di Stabia, near Naples, last week. During the geophysical year, *Trieste* will make a series of dives in the Mediterranean for the United States Office for Naval Research



A man being shaved by remote handling equipment during a demonstration at the Harwell Atomic Energy Research Establishment on February 28. The manipulators can carry out complex and delicate operations (reproducing exactly all the movements of the human hand) on highly radio-active material while the operator remains behind thick protective walls. On March 1 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh made a tour of the Research Establishment



The south front of Mersham le Hatch, Ash Lord Brabourne, is on lease to the Caldecott





ing greeted by Dr. Nkrumah, Prime Minister of the  
l at Accra last Saturday. Her Royal Highness repre-  
Independence Day celebrations yesterday when the  
the independent Commonwealth state of Ghana



Swedish troops of the United Nations Emergency Force at a forward post in the Sinai Desert, packing their equipment last weekend as they awaited the order to move forward into the Gaza Strip. On March 4 Mr. Ben-Gurion, the Israeli Prime Minister, ordered a 'full and prompt' withdrawal of his country's forces from both the Gaza Strip and the Gulf of Akaba



Three Eoka terrorists captured by British troops after being discovered in a cave in the Troodos Mountains of Cyprus on March 3. Gregoris Afxentiou, second-in-command of the terrorist movement, who was discovered with them, refused to surrender and, after a ten-hour gun battle, was killed when the cave was blown in



which the Ministry of Works has given a grant for repairs. The house, owned by school for maladjusted children. It was the first country house to be designed entirely by Adam and was completed in 1765



Princess Grace of Monaco, holding the infant Princess Caroline Louise Marguerite, standing with Prince Rainier at a window of the palace to acknowledge the cheers of the crowd on the occasion of the royal baby's christening on March 3. The ceremony took place in Monaco Cathedral



(continued from page 383)

then an observer on the ship, knowing the speed at which the waves travel, can calculate his position. Various radio position-finding devices of this kind are widely used in the navigation of ships and aircraft over great distances.

In addition to their obvious useful purposes, radio waves have provided a valuable tool for scientists, and particularly for those who study the upper atmosphere. This comes about because radio waves are reflected from the high atmosphere which is electrified, or ionised, by ultra-violet and X-rays from the sun.

Our knowledge of this ionised region, the ionosphere, has developed in this way. After Hertz's discovery his apparatus was improved until, in 1901, Marconi was able to send wireless signals across the Atlantic Ocean. As soon as he had done this it was pointed out that according to theory it should have been impossible for the waves to bend round the great obstacle presented by the intervening bulge of the ocean, and Heaviside in this country and Kennelly in America simultaneously suggested, in 1902, that there was probably an electrically conducting layer high in the atmosphere which was capable of reflecting the waves so that they could follow the curvature of the earth. No test of this suggestion was made until 1924, when Appleton and Barnett showed experimentally that there were in fact electrified reflecting layers in the atmosphere at heights between about sixty and 200 miles. Since that time wireless waves have been increasingly used to probe these electrified parts of the upper atmosphere. The method used is to send out waves vertically upwards and to receive them when they return to the ground again. By finding the time spent over their journey it is possible to calculate the height at which they were reflected.

From observations made on the strength of the returning waves it

has been possible to show that the electrical structure of the upper atmosphere is irregular, and that it is always changing and moving. Some of the most interesting work at the present day is concerned with these movements. It appears that the sun and moon produce tides in the air at heights of about sixty miles, just as they produce tides in the oceans. These atmospheric tides cause the electrified atmosphere to move through the earth's magnetism, and currents are set up, just as though the atmosphere was a huge dynamo. These currents are fairly large; for example, about 60,000 amperes flows in the upper atmosphere between England and the North Pole. The currents affect compass needles at ground level; indeed that is how we know they are there. The currents produced by the atmospheric dynamo at a height near sixty miles flow upwards into another electrified layer in the higher atmosphere at a height of about 200 miles, so that when the forces of the sun and moon move the dynamo the motor moves with it. It is these movements which can be detected and studied with the help of the radio waves.

In the history of these discoveries and investigations from Hertz to the present time, we see a sequence of events of a type that is common in science. First, a theory predicts that a physical phenomenon will occur. Then the phenomenon is discovered, in a simple form appropriate to the laboratory. It is then developed by practical engineers until it can be used in technology. Finally, when it has been so developed, it is used by pure scientists as a tool in a further series of scientific investigations. Often this new series of investigations leads to the discovery of still one more new phenomenon, which later provides still another tool for investigators, and so the process goes on, and science and technology develop in ever-widening circles. The story of Maxwell and Hertz and Appleton is of just that type.—*Home Service*

## Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

### Doubts about the Free Trade Area

Sir,—Mr. R. F. Kahn (in THE LISTENER of February 28) made some legitimate comments on the arrangements now proposed for the free trade area—of which I am in general a keen supporter. But one aspect he does not mention. Many people seem to think that one country's gain will be another's loss: we gain markets in engineering, Italy in textiles: in both cases, in their view, one or a combination of the other countries lose markets to an exactly equal extent.

But surely this will be an expanding market—with growing trade for all. The overall gross 'national' product should exceed the aggregate of the original gross national products of the members. Why? Because of the benefits of increased specialisation: because a larger unit requires more services and amenities; because the member Governments are vigorously expansionist.

Does Mr. Kahn agree in general with this view?—Yours, etc.,

House of Commons

KEITH JOSEPH

### Party Political Broadcast

Sir,—I listened with great interest and, in the main, agreement to Lord Hailsham's eloquent Party Political Broadcast on February 23 (printed in THE LISTENER of February 28). But on one point, unless I misunderstood him, I thought he was wrong.

He spoke as if the rapid increase in general well-being in this country was broadly due to the Welfare State, or in other words to Government legislation. But this is not so. It is due in the main to the altogether exceptional advance in scientific knowledge, technology, and invention in the last generation or two. The fruits of this are now being reaped by us and by other industrial nations in the form of a much

greater ease in the production of all or most of the things—including many new things—used by human beings.

Despite the Welfare State our general standard of living had not increased as quickly as that of the U.S.A. and Canada, and probably not faster than the standard of living in Scandinavia, west Germany (which is quickly catching up), Australia, New Zealand, and the South American countries.

Since re-distribution of wealth has played only a small part in comparison with the greater capacity to produce, it is not so much our legislators, whether Labour or Conservative whom we have to thank as our and other countries' scientists, inventors, and industrial leaders.

The question of the greatest importance now is whether the British people will consent to save enough to enable the vast capital expenditure required for the development of modern industry and equipment and at the same time maintain the nation's financial stability. If other nations succeed in these tasks and we do not, we shall fall behind whatever our legislators do.

Yours, etc.,

Eydon

BRAND

### The Cultured Romans

Sir,—Mr. Robert Graves' recent Third Programme talk on Etruscan civilisation was no doubt heard by many who are not themselves conversant with Etruscan archaeology. For their benefit, it seems desirable to point out that the account given by Mr. Graves is in many ways inaccurate and misleading. Space precludes comprehensive criticism, and I will confine myself to a few points.

(1) The question of the origin of the Etruscans, as a people, still remains a subject of

intense debate as between the protagonists of indigenous and oriental origins respectively. This is quite ignored by Mr. Graves, who finds it sufficient to discuss the whole matter in the airiest fashion within a couple of sentences, so worded as to give the uninitiated the impression that his statements are matters of fact—introducing an entirely supposititious date by way of strengthening this impression. Incidentally, I know of no competent upholder of the 'orientalist' theory of the Etruscan origins who would seek to bring the 'Rasenna' overland from Asia Minor.

(2) 'The Etruscans . . . made death delightful'. It is true that the earliest wall-paintings in the great tombs (e.g., those of the sixth century 'Lionesses Tomb' or the early-fifth century 'Chariots Tomb') may be interpreted as suggesting that at that period the 'afterworld' was considered as a reflection of the world of the living (although other explanations are possible); but a change becomes observable with the fourth century, and in later tombs the unhappy dead are depicted as being herded into the Unknown by monstrous demons. No one who has considered such paintings as those of the 'Typhon Tomb' (early fourth century?) or the 'Cardinals Tomb' (third century) could possibly believe that their creators considered death 'delightful'.

(3) 'Etruscan inscriptions can now be read but apart from a few words . . . not yet translated'. Actually some 500 words are translatable with more or less certainty and practically all the known inscriptions are perfectly comprehensible, while our knowledge of the vocabulary and grammar of the Etruscan language increases steadily with the progress of archaeology and linguistics.

These few criticisms must serve as samples of those which could be made of almost any paragraph of Mr. Graves' talk; hypotheses, probable



or improbable, are gaily stated as facts, and inaccuracy degenerates into such nonsense as the absurd remark about the 'Incas of Mexico'.

*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*; Mr. Graves would do better to stick to poetry.—Yours, etc.,  
Bristol R. D. GREENAWAY

### Oxford Moral Philosophy

Sir,—It might seem that Miss G. E. M. Anscombe's bitter sneers at Oxford moral philosophy might be left for the Oxford moral philosophers only to deal with. But both her original broadcast and still more her letter in THE LISTENER of February 28 were such an affront to professional standards and to the decencies of controversy that others besides her immediate victims must make their protest.

'I don't accuse the Oxford moralists', she explains, 'of believing that it is good to have a law like the one by which certain proceedings of local authorities can't be challenged on grounds of fraud on their part—or any of those other things. I say that they teach a philosophy which is in keeping with a time of which such things are characteristic'. This tortuous charge is made inescapable in her broadcast. For there on the one hand she objects bitterly to 'trials of war criminals on the bad side with judges on the good side making up their law as they went along', which 'young men at Oxford' defended to her on the grounds that 'there is a moral law above any positive enactments'. But she also objects there equally bitterly to 'decisions of courts that . . . certain tribunals need take no account of what is called "natural justice" in their decisions'. She thus is, apparently, opposed equally: both to the legal recognition of a claim that 'natural justice' transcends positive law; and to the legal refusal to admit that claim. So it looks as if the wretched Oxford moralists were bound to get it from Miss Anscombe, either one way or the other.

The first sentence of her letter raises a serious issue of moral standards in another way. For there she writes: 'I won't sue Mr. Hare for suggesting I give lecherous talks on the wireless; I realise the cause is just a classical education'. Anyone who bothers to reread Mr. Hare's original letter will find there nothing which could even suggest that he was saying or insinuating anything of the sort.—Yours, etc.,  
Keele ANTONY FLEW

Sir,—This controversy is intensely interesting. But it will be unprofitable unless some clue emerges about what Kant called 'the moral law within'. Evidently Miss Anscombe believes in this (why does she believe in it, and where does she think it comes from?), and Mr. Hare and Mr. Nowell-Smith do not (but if they don't, what do they want and what do they think the whole show is for?). I can't see the starting point on either side, either.—Yours, etc.,  
Totnes, Devon HUGH HECKSTALL-SMITH

### The Secondary Modern School

Sir,—I grant Mr. Brogan that the social situation is rather more complex than I was able to suggest in my talk on the secondary modern school (THE LISTENER, February 21). More than this I can't allow him. I don't see that there can be any argument about the existence of social gulfs which roughly correspond with old established differences in educational opportunity. Opportunity itself is more widely offered today: but its operation is still sharply modified by old educational legacies. The twelve years since 1944 have obviously not sufficed to wipe out the immeasurable effect on whole districts of long histories of poor schooling. This may not be the whole of the secondary modern story: it is a very large part of it.

I was fascinated by the way in which absence of sympathy had led Mr. Brogan to change my words into words of his own. I did not say that the secondary modern child is 'incapable of analysing and generalising': I said he had 'a distaste for the analytical and generalising approach', which is quite another story, and as close as I could come to something very difficult to define. I said that the teacher 'must always be ready to digress, to take advantage of the enthusiasms of the moment': in Mr. Brogan's language this becomes 'ad libbing from one fleeting and often frivolous interest to another . . . catering for the most trivial interests and incongruous diversions'. This is absurd. Mr. Brogan's gloss is as remote from my original statement as if I had admitted to liking whipped cream and he had thereupon accused me of supporting flagellation.

Of course education must rest on a continuous scheme: but I assure Mr. Brogan that one may very easily turn to use in that scheme the day-to-day enthusiasms of the children without it becoming less of a scheme. I am not half so worried about the content of education as he is: within any plan of work in the secondary modern school there is a great variety of things that education may profitably contain. An enthusiasm of the sort I spoke of led me and one of my classes, some time ago, into a short and passionate study of the history of China. I have a group of boys who, at the moment, are attempting, perhaps prematurely—they are only thirteen, and it seems a pity in some senses—to find out the truth about the way of life of the American cowboy.

Are these incongruous diversions? Only, surely, someone whose view of education was most narrow would say so. One would have to be a pretty disingenuous teacher to allow the results of the lively opportunism of which I spoke to degenerate into the mess of frivolities that Mr. Brogan imagines. He says he has a high admiration for secondary modern teachers: his reading of my talk does not suggest this.

Yours, etc.,

Barnet

EDWARD BLISHEN

Sir,—Though the comprehensive or all-purpose school seems implicit in the social and political consciousness of the age, yet the modern school will, unfortunately, be part of our educational framework for many years to come, no matter what political party forms the government.

Mr. Edward Blishen is not bewailing his lot as teacher in such a school; but has brought a keen, comprehending, sympathetic mind to his task and has acted therein with courage and imagination. Maybe his attitude will help some of his colleagues.

In his suggestions relating to suitable types of work, there is a vagueness, probably compelled by time and space restrictions. He has an eye for the individual and looks askance, rightly I think, at the mass approach to education.

As a former headmaster of a modern school, which was earlier a senior boys' school, may I tell him that we realised all that he is seeking, the happy school and education as a civilising process. The natural corollary was a very active Old Boys' Association formed entirely on the initiative of past pupils.

We used a modified form of the Dalton Plan for individual work, retaining its principles but dispensing with cluttering devices. Education lecturers in universities and training colleges of today are lacking in long, practical experience of this method and are apt to speak of it somewhat deprecatingly. They little know what they do!

We never found slackening of effort towards the end of school life nor the need or desire for a leaving certificate, though each boy was keen for his testimonial. No marks were given for any

completed work save at the rather formal yearly examination where industry and ability told their tale. The only competition throughout the year was against the pupils' own 'bogey'.

Though it sounds too good to be true in the light of recent newspaper reports, indiscipline never occurred; yet very many of the boys, some of them 'toughs', came from the slum quarters of the town and ill-regulated homes. The system was introduced in 1929, continued until evacuation in 1940 and was restarted after the war.

In a teaching life of over fifty years I have never known such fervour and application associated with school education by all pupils. The system is suited to any type of subject and given sympathetic and kindly environment, any boy will learn any subject to the best of his ability.

Yours, etc.,

Paignton

ALBERT CORLETT

Sir,—I have listened to Mr. Blishen's interesting talk (printed in THE LISTENER of February 21), and agree with much he says about the secondary modern school, particularly regarding the approach to the pupils. He states, quite rightly, that we should bridge the gap between the two nations, but he forgets that the mere existence of the secondary modern school perpetuates it. This is so for a number of reasons.

As the children in a secondary modern school come to a large extent from a cultureless background, school ought to give them an environment providing that missing culture. Every teacher knows the influence children have upon each other. A couple of ruffians amongst studious and well-behaved children will soon alter their attitude towards school. The secondary modern school teacher struggles against heavy odds because the cultured top 25 per cent. of the school population goes to selective schools. Thus school environment hardly differs from home environment.

The boy in Mr. Blishen's school who said that you need a G.C.E. for nearly everything nowadays appears certainly to be right. I do not agree with this craze for examination passes, for school records ought to provide a better guide to a child's ability, but as long as employers insist on this for the better kind of job, we are doing a disservice to children in not coaching them for some examination which would be a proof that they have reached a fair standard of education. Such an examination is provided by the G.C.E. or the various certificates of bodies like the Royal Society of Arts.

It is true such an aim contradicts sharply the ideas of the 1944 Education Act and this conflict I am experiencing in my school where we have a G.C.E. extended course. For three years children are taught by the informal method which Mr. Blishen so admires. Then the methods are changed in order to get through the examination syllabus. The children are bewildered by this and they find settling down to hard work a painful process. If we get satisfactory examination results it is, I am sure, not because we are a secondary modern school but in spite of it. Yet the nation needs more and more scientists and technicians and this means more exams. We have been told that the grammar and technical schools cannot fill all the places in the technical colleges which will exist in the future and that the secondary modern school must help. How then can we organise these schools to this end in view?

The answer must be the common school. Only such a school can provide a curriculum where each child is taught according to its ability and aptitude. By segregating children into different schools at the early age of eleven, far from bridging the gap between the two nations we are widening it between the ones who get good



## SOKING OLD PLACE

# The Stately Homes of Schweppshire



Already the first primroses—and already, too, the first tea urns, tapestries, and Do Not Use This Door notices are being dusted and put into place as Schweppshire's stately homes are polished up for summer visitors.

First let us give you this pre-season glimpse of Soking Old Place, open to the public this year. Bits of it really are quite stately, and when we scraped the beam in the scullery and found a sort of a lumpy pattern, Palimpsest had a paragraph about our "carved soffit" with its "genuine ham and eggs moulding". And if the new tenants of Wett Chamberlayne can "throw open their gardens" (half an acre of weeds and a strong smell of fermenting grass clippings) why not us? To make it more "for the people" there is the suit of genuine stage armour, which we bought specially at Yarmouth, to go with the two Roman pots; and the taxi which took us to the coronation is preserved in the stables and may be sat in for an extra threepence.

In the picture we are planning not to cut out the tool shed but put *To the Armoury* on it in Gothic type. Old Mr. Carter has taken the split infinitives out of our Guide, which should show a profit now that the back page has been bought by Chez Maison Doris, the Soking dress shop, though the picture they have chosen for their advertisement is rather a curious one. There is a genuinely newly discovered secret panel which turns out to have been put in to supply the telephone extension to the top floor, sub-let to Mr. Carter. As he is only seen occasionally at windows we are thinking of saying that that part of the house is shut off, slightly suggesting a family curse, if not an Old Soking Monster.

Written by Stephen Potter & designed by George Him

SCHWEPPEVERSCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH



jobs at the top of the ladder and the manual labourers at the bottom of the ladder. They never get to know each other and thus the seeds of suspicion are sown.

The 1944 Education Act has aggravated this problem as competition for entry into selective schools has become fiercer and thus the sense of frustration of those who fail in their eleven-plus exam has also become greater.

I suggest that this problem of the two nations has much to do with the many unofficial strikes of the post-war period. Most of these strikes have not been for higher wages and many have been for no apparently rational reason. It seems obvious to me that antagonism between the two nations has been the main cause of these strikes. I believe the secondary modern school aggravates the problem whilst the common school would help to solve it.—Yours, etc.,

Grays

PETER PRAGER

### Adult Education: Ends or Means?

Sir,—I was hoping that other adult educational organisations would follow up Mr. Ernest Green's valuable letter in *THE LISTENER* of February 14 with further proof, from their own constituencies, that there is still plenty of adult education going on which has no axes to grind, no ulterior motives of the 'professional or occupational' sort. Indeed, some adult educational organisations aim deliberately and entirely at non-vocational 'liberal' objectives—for example, the English Adult Schools, whose present Extension programme is meeting with ready response from people of many types who are well settled occupationally and who desire only to broaden their interests and knowledge generally, on a basis of friendship.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

W. ARNOLD HALL

National Adult School Union

### Queen Elizabeth I's Dilemma

Sir,—Mr. Scott-Moncrieff's criticism of Sir John Neale (*THE LISTENER*, February 14) resolves itself, like all attempts at moral judgements on historical events, into a contradiction of Madame de Staël. To understand is not to forgive; and, indeed, this may well be true. I merely wonder if Mr. Scott-Moncrieff really faces up squarely to the consequences of his own doctrine.

I am not here concerned with the question of Mary's legal guilt. I have not got the evidence before me, and I have no wish to stimulate my sense of the ridiculous by appearing as Sir Neale's counsel in such a matter. In any case, I do not believe that this was the real or main motive for Mary's execution, except possibly in Elizabeth's own mind; here I think both Sir John and Mr. Scott-Moncrieff will agree with me. Mary was executed primarily because, irrespective of her own complicity in the plots on Elizabeth's life (plots whose existence can scarcely be doubted), she was too dangerous to be left alive.

I, personally, would admit that this is a strictly immoral judgement. But I would like to know whether Mr. Scott-Moncrieff would like to condemn it by abstract moral standards, or by those of Elizabeth's own day. If the latter, it at once ceases to be absurd for Sir John Neale to say that Elizabeth, in contemplating Mary's murder, was guided by conventional moral standards. Nor can I conceive how Elizabeth, Burghley, and Walsingham can be singled out for condemnation in an age which witnessed the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and the murders of the Duke of Guise, Henry III and Henry IV of France, William the Silent, Don Carlos, and, to come nearer home, Rizzio and Darnley. Will Mr. Scott-Moncrieff give us his grounds for calling Burghley and Walsingham more ruthless

than their contemporaries abroad, and Elizabeth cruel and lecherous? I take it that the latter charge is not based solely on the speculation about Amy Robsart's death.

If, however, Mr. Scott-Moncrieff bases his description of Elizabeth as a vicious character on absolute standards, I would submit that his judgement is absurdly one-sided. A ruler who endures as much and does as much for her realm as Elizabeth did deserves some credit for that achievement. Were virtually all her subjects wrong about her? And, finally, does Mr. Scott-Moncrieff allow no weight to the pleas of responsibility and *raison d'état*? He wholly misunderstands the force of 'Absolom must perish lest Israel perish' and its later echo. The politicians who uttered them were neither hysterical nor corrupt; they were realistic. It is a basic human dilemma, and in the existing human condition can hardly be mourned in any way but one. I have not denied that Elizabeth could be vain and dishonest. But for Heaven's sake . . . !

Yours, etc.,

Camberley

A. L. LE QUESNE

Sir,—There is a fundamental difference between the grounds for the defence of Mary and of Elizabeth. To deny that Elizabeth was a vicious character it is necessary, as Sir John Neale demonstrates, to justify crimes such as murder: but Mary may reasonably be defended on the face of the evidence at our disposal without resort to these dangerous precedents.

I am sure Mr. McDowell would not claim that his evidence was in any degree conclusive. Pius V, who as Cardinal Ghislieri had been Grand Inquisitor, had his own ideas about means for restoring the Catholic Faith. His resentment against Mary Stewart (and his statement need convey no more) was directly based upon her refusal, as much probably through her natural leniency as through her lack of effective power, to persecute the Protestants in her realm. Fr. Edmund Hay's reference to Mary's 'undue affection for the Earl of Bothwell' is inadequate as evidence of a liaison. Tritonio's statement is more explicit, but his *Memoirs* were written long after the events, when much mud had been flung at Mary, which, in defence of the failure of his master's mission, Tritonio may well have been disposed to accept. Although there were plenty of emissaries, spies, and gossips whose communications are extant and who were only too ready to make such allegations, there still seems to be a complete lack of reference to any close or amorous relationship between Mary and Bothwell made prior to his abduction of her, except in the Casket Letters long since shown to have been forged. Even after the abduction the rebel lords (who were, of course, partly to Bothwell's action) did not immediately allege collusion with Mary: it took them a little time to prepare their story and the documents to sustain it.

As for Darnley's murder, such evidence as we have is all in favour of Mary's innocence: an innocence freely conceded to her in Bothwell's deathbed confession.

Yours, etc.,

Edinburgh

GEORGE SCOTT-MONCRIEFF

### Was There an Industrial Revolution?

Sir,—In his talk about the Industrial Revolution (*THE LISTENER*, February 21), Mr. H. L. Beales twice quotes the words attributed to Blake, 'dark satanic mills'. Since Mr. Beales mentions enquirers who doubt whether there ever was an Industrial Revolution at all, could he look into the further question: did Blake himself originate those lines?

According to one story, it was John Milton who first wrote 'dark satanic wills'. In his own poem, Blake intended to quote these words, and

to put Milton's name at the head of the poem. But by a printer's error that was never detected at the time, the words appeared in the printed version as 'dark satanic mills'; and since this rendering was very much to the taste of the Hammonds and their predecessors and successors, it never seems to have been challenged.

If anyone really did wish to settle the point, it might be worth remembering that Blake's poem probably appeared before the end of the eighteenth century, whereas the great era of mill construction was in the early nineteenth century.

Yours, etc.,

Richmond, Surrey

HERBERT ADDISON

### 'Dona Rosita la Soltera'

Sir,—Mr. Bradnum's letter raises an important point. I hope he will not think that in pursuing it I am pursuing him. The point is, how are plays with strong European roots to be spoken in an English text? I think it necessary and possible to create some impression of the appropriate national temperament, tradition, and tongue. I do not put it past the acting ability of good English (or Irish) performers to create such impressions. It is, I suppose, to be done by imagination, emotional modulation, speech rhythms, and a trace of accent. Does Mr. Bradnum really mean that the only alternative to dialect English or standard English is *broken English*? Anyway, that 'awful thought' was nowhere implied in what I wrote.

Standard English is the too usual choice of producers who want to play safe. In the article under discussion I tried to make it plain, by reference to 'César', that I don't think this good enough for works of strong European flavour. But one must concede that it has a negative virtue. Standard English is, by convention at least, a colourless medium, in which the listener's own imagination can work without distraction. The case against Mr. Bradnum's more adventurous choice of Irish for Lorca is that it evoked a continuously conflicting colour and atmosphere, shamrock green for dark rose red, as it were, moist and misty where the poetry clamours for the torrid hot-house.

Standard Irish would be the colourless medium in Ireland. So what is the point of Mr. Bradnum's remark that Oberon might be O'Beron there? It would still be a distracting eccentricity in England.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.2.

ROY WALKER

### Cake Making with Wholemeal Flour

Sir,—May I confirm Mrs. Judith C. Loshak's important findings in her letter in *THE LISTENER* of February 14?

For fifteen years I have had no other flour than wholewheat in my kitchen. I have used it with complete success, fine-ground, not only for bread but cakes, puddings, pies, biscuits, and other sweet dishes. I follow ordinary recipes, including excellent ones in *THE LISTENER*, merely substituting wholewheat for white flour and not sifting out a particle of the valuable nutrient, bran. My family dislike white flour products. The rich, luscious flavour of wholewheat adds something even to the most elegant of sauces.

Wheat porridge, of coarse-ground wholewheat, is an indispensable dish in our family. Together with wholewheat bread and cakes it has given us the blessing of positive health. It clears up digestive troubles like magic and wards off ailments like the ordinary cold. I have found that invalids recover more quickly on wholewheat.

Yours, etc.,

Horsheath

LOUISE THEIS



## Art

# Round the London Galleries

By QUENTIN BELL

He flabbergasts the Human Race  
By gliding on the water's face  
With ease, celerity, and grace.

**T**HUS wrote the poet of the water beetle, and although 'flabbergasts' is too strong an expression to describe the effect of Lord Methuen's watercolours at the Leicester Galleries the triplet gives an accurate notion of the manner in which the artist's fluent, tasteful pen, flying over carefully disposed areas of colour, summarises the landscape and the architecture of Italy. Here are works that cannot fail to please and which do not attempt—or pretend—to suggest anything in the least disturbing or profound.

But if he ever  
stopped to think  
Of how he did it,  
he would sink.

Perhaps this is what has happened to Mr. Ayrton in the next room. Undoubtedly he has paused to reflect. His rapid and vigorous pencil attempts to go beneath the surface. His acrobats writhe and posture with Michelangel-esque fury, he has made careful observations and has recorded them with sincerity, and I can only explain my feeling that the results are disappointing by saying that he does seem to have thought for too long and, in thinking, to have lost his nerve. This failure shows itself, so it seems to me, in the disproportion that exists between his treatment of the human head and of the rest of the body, the former being exceedingly blank and the latter excessively expressive; so that, while a pelvic muscle is made to shout blue murder, the face—which is after all the most expressive thing we have about us—remains perfectly blank. This unhappy marriage of profundity and timidity results naturally enough from an attempt to make ratiocination do the work of instinct; but there is a certain nobility about the attempts. In the same gallery is Mr. Michael Dixon's collection which contains some excellent paintings, including a fine Sickert and two of Sir William Nicholson's elegant works. These also move with celerity, grace—and a certain lack of profundity.

At the risk of trying to do too much with this metaphor I will add that at Arthur Jeffress' Gallery there are two painters who offer a variety of capillary attractions. Nicola Simbari paints in a witty and accomplished fashion, setting spindly forms against the broad luminous masses of an Italian landscape. Mr. Spiro's works are superficial in another fashion, being the modern equivalent of the most trivial kind of Dutch still life, tediously minute in their detail, harshly and highly coloured, and sufficiently inventive to be considered 'amusing'. They will no doubt appeal to those who have a taste for such things.

Miss Marjorie Hawkes, whose paintings are to be seen at the A.I.A. Gallery, follows a method not altogether unlike that of Signor Simbari; here again a bold black line is superimposed upon tasteful masses of colour. But I do not think she is perfectly content with what she does. I suspect that she would like to make the preliminary statement of forms so coherent that it needs no superimposed linear explanation,

and that in 'Farm by Night', she is attempting to achieve just this. It is no easy task but I believe she has talent enough to justify the effort.

Henri-Joseph Harpignies, a collection of whose works is to be seen at Marlborough Fine Art, was born in 1819 and died in 1916; he might have talked with both David and Picasso. In fact the astonishing revolutions of his age affected him hardly at all. Fairly early in his life he came under the influence of Corot and that influence endured until the end. He continued to paint nature as though the Impres-

sionists had never existed, translating landscape into the sombre, quiet, and dignified tones appropriate to a well-furnished Victorian drawing-room. Except when he attempted the human figure he was very workmanlike and, although he produced much that is rubbishy and a good deal that is infernally dull, there were occasions when he found himself on exactly the right terms with his subject, and the result is admirable. Look, for instance, at 'Nevers' in this exhibition; there is a real feeling for space, a genuine poetic evocation. The single-minded painter who



'Nevers' (1893) by Henri-Joseph Harpignies (1819-1916): from the exhibition of his works at Marlborough Fine Art, Ltd.

disregards changing fashions has virtues that are sometimes richly rewarded; but I wish that Harpignies, in choosing an exemplar, had picked upon a different aspect of Corot.

The collection entitled 'Today and Yesterday' (Arthur Tooth and Sons) is very well chosen. It contains a great number of good paintings, a lugubrious scene of popular merrymaking by Stanley Spencer, a remarkable torso by Elizabeth Frink, two extremely tasteful William Scotts, some works by that accomplished—almost too accomplished—painter Mr. William Brooker, and, most interesting of all, two recent still lives by Matthew Smith, more precise in outline, colder, more acid in colour than those to which the public is accustomed.

Finally, I would strongly recommend a visit to the Adams Gallery, which is showing pictures by Ginette Rapp and Roger Montané. Ginette Rapp is a very gifted artist, but one who is at present a little uncertain of her direction. She began using a sombre, not to say a funereal, palette, then ventured into colour, and has now returned to what are almost black and white pictures; but these latest pictures have not quite the same mastery of spatial effects or the same atmospheric subtleties as those of her first period. There is, however, one exception, 'Port de Hollande en Hiver', which is splendidly composed and contains some masterly drawing. But the most exciting thing I saw in the London Galleries was the evidence of Montané's continuous development. His work is stronger, it is more truly and more soberly drawn; he has always had an extraordinary gift for managing transitions of tone, distance, and colour, and he has always had a gift for communicating direct sensual delight; but now his work shows an increased understanding, a greater nicety of perception. It has, in fact, become more thoughtful. Belloc ended his cautionary verse with the moral: 'Don't ask questions'. But there are some who can.



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## The Uses of Literacy

By Richard Hoggart.

Chatto and Windus. 25s.

THE uses of LITERACY? Abuses more like, according to Mr. Hoggart. Far better for the working classes that they had never learned to read. As for the 1944 Act, it only means the subjection of working class boys and girls, who have done well at the 11+, to the miseries of the grammar school, geared to middle class standards, and then, for those who get their 'advanced subjects', the university, reading the 'right' books for the wrong reasons, and becoming 'intellectual and spiritual waifs and strays'. Everyone who enjoys the castigation of our times will enjoy Mr. Hoggart's book. Those who are fed up with all these old Cassandras prophesying doom to the House of Bert Atrous, or rather, since Mr. Hoggart is concerned with the young, to 'their Ron', will be faintly irritated, owing no doubt to their 'democratic self-indulgence', but they too will enjoy the book, it is so lively.

Bert is O.K. In the first part of the book Mr. Hoggart describes working class life as he knew it when he was a boy in Hunslet. He does not romanticise it. He certainly does not present it as a pitiful affair. He takes the *misères* in his stride and displays the *splendeurs*. It is not what Mr. Orwell saw on his way to Wigan Pier; it is much truer to life, 'a life whose main stress is on the intimate, the sensory, the detailed, and the personal'. What has happened? The uses of literacy have been exploited by the commercial press in all its forms: newspapers, magazines, cheap novelettes, and strip cartoons. Mr. Hoggart has made an intensive study of all this muck, and though the 'democratic self-indulgence' of some of his readers may cause them to murmur: 'Why shouldn't they, if they like it?', the reading-rooms through which he conducts us are indeed Chambers of Horror.

He is a versatile writer. He sometimes quotes, but more often presents us with a *pastiche*. He does it so well that he may send the sales of the literary compost-heap rocketing. To borrow his literary technique, 'My dear, its *absolutely fascinating*'. And what is Mr. Hoggart's complaint? Tastes are corrupted; standards are undermined; morals are debauched. Working class tolerance degenerates into complete absence of standards: 'the open mind has become a yawning chasm'. Their interest in persons is satisfied by trivial chit-chat about personalities. Their sensuous enjoyment is reduced to a squalid contentment with titillation: 'puff-pastry literature with nothing inside the pastry'. They can't be trusted to read a paragraph, so everything is in headlines. And yet they are lauded to the skies—the common men. 'We are encouraging a sense not of the dignity of each person but of a new aristocracy, the monstrous regiment of the most flat-faced'. Poor Ron.

But that crashing old bore, enemy of Cassandras, the social scientist natters for evidence. Is it true that the written word is so potent? Can it be that the literary critic, sensitive to the climates of literature, its standards and *Weltanschauungen*, assumes that they influence real life more than they do? We all know that Ron likes a 'good book, if its interesting-like', but does it influence his standards? Mr. Hoggart has his own doubts. Do we not, he asks, tend to give popular publications 'a larger prominence in the whole pattern of people's existence than, in fact, they have?' In his next book he must tell us. He must also tell us whether, when he talks about the 'working class', he accepts the

distinction, between what have been called, repellently enough, the 'status accepting' and the 'status aspiring'? He speaks of the working class as 'taking their lives much as they find them'. There are those, however, who, according to the Registrar General's classification, would be 'working class', but who aim at middle-class standards. This is of vital importance to the grammar school boy and the redbrick undergraduate. The boys of aspiring parents who care about education are far less embarrassed by educational advance than are those whose parents haven't a clue.

But what about Ron, unambitious Ron? We really don't want him to be chivvied into sucking carbolec sweets such as are poured forth from government-sponsored presses. Only further research will show whether he is really in danger. Meanwhile here is Mr. Hoggart's warning. It deserves very serious consideration, and he puts his case forcefully and with sensitive understanding. He is sincere, he feels deeply, and he is desperately anxious to be honest and fair. He almost wins us over by sheer charm. Almost, but not quite.

## Ghana

By Kwame Nkrumah. Nelson. 21s.  
Gold Coast to Ghana

By Paul Redmayne. Murray. 15s.

The date of publication of these two books was, by design, that of the independence celebrations of Ghana, as we must now learn to call the Gold Coast. From the time when the process of transfer of power was really set in motion by the 1948 constitution, the political leader of the country has been Kwame Nkrumah, and his autobiography will assuredly become one of Ghana's classics. The part that is not generally known—his childhood, his struggles as a student in America, his share in founding the Coloured Workers' Association of Great Britain—is perhaps less interesting at this moment than the part with which most people who follow world events are familiar. But his period as a subversive character, which links the two, is not so fresh in our minds, and may deserve to be recalled in his moment of triumph. The text of his speech asking for the date of independence to be fixed, and the constitution of the Convention People's Party, are items of solid information that it is useful to have. He makes a generous tribute to the co-operation of the Governor and the *ex officio* members of the Council of Ministers.

Mr. Redmayne's photographs are excellent, particularly the coloured one of a market scene with the characteristic trays of red peppers. They illustrate every phase of Ghana's development—from the old forts on the coast to degree day at the University College, from Governor Maclean to Miss Mabel Dove, from the manhandling of a fishing boat to the new Tema harbour, from the presentation of certificates gained in an adult literacy campaign to the public library at Kumasi. The letterpress is just what is needed as unobtrusive commentary.

## The Domestic Dog

By B. Vesey-FitzGerald.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 30s.

Is the domestic dog descended from the wolf, the jackal, or both, or from something else? The author discusses at length the various theories that have been put forward, each of them well supported by facts and entirely convincing until one hears the next. The author

appears to lean towards the pi-dog of the east as the ancestor of the domestic breeds—but the pi-dog is not a truly wild animal, and is as likely to be a descendant of the domestic breed as its ancestor. The author has gone to immense trouble in consulting all the authorities on these interesting matters, but he is quite mistaken in saying that *Canis lupus* (the wolf) 'does not occur anywhere in the New World, nor is there any record of its ever having done so'. Some twenty subspecies of *C. lupus* are known for North America, extending from the Arctic to the Gulf of Mexico. The American wolf is, in fact, the same species as the wolf of Asia and Europe.

In discussing the first domestication and early history of the dog the author rightly points out that the finding of dogs' bones in kitchen middens and other sites of early human occupation is no evidence of domestication—the animals might have been used for food, as in South America, China, and elsewhere in more modern times. The dog in art, and the dog in literature, give him plenty of scope for the widest researches, and he has gathered together an interesting and often amusing mass of material, and presented it in a readable manner.

The first recorded dog show was held at Newcastle in 1859 and thereby, the author points out, the dog became big business. Not at first, of course, but as time went on and clubs were established there was money to be made by the breeders of prize-winners and champions. With the decreasing demand for working dogs the type bred became more and more merely a show bench specimen, and the points laid down as desirable have become increasingly accentuated until we have the moronic monstrosities that are the pride of some breeds at the present day. This point is well brought out in the illustrations that show examples of some breeds fifty years ago in juxtaposition with some of their modern representatives.

## A History of the English Criminal Law and its Administration from 1750, Vols. II and III. By Leon Radzinowicz. Stevens. £4 4s. per volume.

In Volume I of his great *History* which appeared in 1948 Dr. Radzinowicz concerned himself with punishment, especially capital punishment, and the movement for its reform in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. In Volumes II and III he deals with two closely related topics, the enforcement of the law and the reform of the police.

We are now so used to the criminal law being enforced by the police that it is easy to forget that it is still the right and sometimes the duty of the citizen to arrest and prosecute offenders. Yet in the early part of the eighteenth century the word 'police' was almost unknown in England and was regarded as a sinister term with undertones of foreign tyranny from which Englishmen were happily free. The ancient institutions of parish constable and the watch had become quite incapable of enforcing the law and Dr. Radzinowicz shows how an attempt was made to fill the gap by enlisting the active co-operation of private persons through an appeal to self-interest. A most elaborate system of rewards for procuring the conviction of criminals grew up. In some cases the reward was a statutory right, in others it was offered by the Home Office, by local authorities, magistrates, insurance companies, committees and associations of various kinds and by private individuals.



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This appeal to the public was addressed not only to the honest citizen but also—and especially—to the rogue, who was frequently offered—and in some cases by statute entitled to—a pardon for his part in the crime, in return for procuring the conviction of his accomplices. Constables were entitled to rewards like anyone else and, in addition, were allowed special fees for performing all sorts of simple routine functions. Often they did not consider it their duty to interfere in a criminal case unless they were expressly called upon to do so, and then a reward was expected. They benefited both from those who hired them to detect offenders and those who bribed them not to do so. Dr. Radzinowicz concludes that until well into the middle of the nineteenth century the police officer was not so much a public servant as a professional man depending on the goodwill of his clients.

Volume III describes the movement for reform of the police beginning with the work of the pioneers, Henry and John Fielding, and concluding with the plan of a 'Preventive Police' advocated by Edwin Chadwick in 1829. The story is a complicated one of piecemeal legislation to deal with particular abuses, of plans advanced by individuals and committees and their reception by the government and public. Much effort was devoted to attempts to find substitutes for an efficient police force. Dr. Radzinowicz discusses such startling suggestions as that the detection and pursuit of criminals should be entrusted to an insurance company. The persistence of the supposed antithesis between efficient police and liberty is perhaps the most striking feature of the story. 'They have an efficient police in Paris, but they pay for it dear enough', seems to have been the prevailing attitude. This complacency was occasionally shaken by such outrages as the Gordon Riots of 1780 and the Ratcliffe murders of 1811, but soon re-asserted itself to impede the path to proper police reform.

Volumes II and III are characterised by the same enormous industry that went into Volume I and, while one wonders whether the text need be quite so lengthy and illustrated by so many examples, there is no doubt that these volumes are a most important contribution to learning. They are based on a wide variety of original sources and the extensive appendices and bibliographies will be of inestimable value to future researchers.

### **Fear God and Dread Nought. Vol. II.**

Edited by Arthur J. Marder. Cape. 35s.

The second volume of Professor Marder's edition of the correspondence of Lord Fisher should interest an even wider audience than did the first. Volume I was chiefly valuable for the light it threw on Fisher's personality. Volume II, as well as offering more evidence on this subject from Fisher's trenchant letters, which will again attract the general reader, will have to be consulted by all who are professionally concerned with the years 1904-1914, the period with which it deals. This was the 'Fisher era' at the Admiralty and also a period of intense activity in international affairs—activity in which Fisher was involved as First Sea Lord till January 1910 and thereafter as unofficial adviser to the new First Lord, Mr. Winston Churchill. Except on naval matters, the volume does not rank among the major source books for the history of these years, but students of British foreign policy, of the origins of the first world war and of the early career of Sir Winston Churchill, as well as those interested in the history of the modern British Navy, will all need to consult it.

In the history of the Royal Navy the Fisher era was a period of endless and unparalleled

internecine feuds. As the editor says, much of the antagonism which Fisher generated was unavoidable in view of the nature of the work he set out to do in making a lethargic, traditionalist and peace-time Navy ready for instant war in modern conditions. But however laudable his ends, and when allowance has been made for the fact that his opponents, men like Lord Charles Beresford, were just as bad, it has to be admitted that a good deal of it was also due to Fisher's combative personality and his questionable methods. Compromise, like delegation, was alien to his nature; he despised attempts to convert opponents; and there was little that he would hesitate to do, in his relations with the press, for example, and in his use of reports from junior officers, in his almost megalomaniac pursuit of his objects. His letters do not add greatly to what was previously known about the details of various controversies or about these, the main, reasons for their virulence. But they enable us to reconstruct more completely than before the atmosphere that prevailed and, more particularly, Fisher's contribution to it; and Professor Marder's summing up at various points throughout the volume could not be more judicious.

In the history of British foreign policy and of international relations Fisher's role must not be exaggerated. His influence on policy is not to be compared, for example, with that of Tirpitz in Germany, which has itself been exaggerated. The growing Anglo-German naval rivalry is the only problem in this field of which these letters provide anything like a continuous record. There are several letters, however, that throw light on important incidents in these years, such as the Dogger Bank incident in 1904 and the first Morocco crisis in 1905, and on significant trends in the British reaction both to these events and to other developments like Germany's building of the Bagdad railway and Russia's wish to see the Straits of the Dardanelles opened to her warships.

### **The Rise of the Pelhams**

By J. B. Owen. Methuen. 30s.

This is a very valuable book. It is pointless to pretend that it is easy reading, the argument is too close, the detail too rich, but every student of eighteenth-century politics should possess it and master it. Dr. Owen is concerned with the complex political situation which developed after Walpole's fall in the early days of February 1742. He writes with great insight on the complexity of the issues which faced Walpole's friends and the skill with which they extricated themselves from the dangers that confronted them at his resignation. By and large, Newcastle, Hardwicke, and other loyal and devoted followers of Sir Robert, preserved his men of business in power by skilfully detaching fragments of the opposition or 'new whigs'. They did their deal with Pulteney, Carteret and the friends of Prince Frederick, and avoided the rest. At the same time they managed to side-step the attempt to bring Sir Robert to book, a fate which had so frequently overtaken fallen favourites in the recent past.

Dr. Owen devotes many careful pages to Carteret's failure, as leading minister, to secure a proper management of the Commons. It was only when a politician enjoyed the full confidence of both the King and members of parliament that ministerial stability was achieved in the eighteenth century. As a peer, it was almost impossible for Carteret to secure the Commons. He was also far too arrogant to settle down to the drudgery of political management, too indifferent to the sentiments of back-benchers and independents, and too inclined to pursue a European rather than a British foreign policy.

The consequence was renewed instability in the Commons, which was not resolved until Carteret was forced out of office. Then Henry Pelham took over as chief minister, and once more, as in Walpole's day, the Commons were closely linked with the King.

Dr. Owen's acute analysis brings out clearly the vital role of the independent self-electing members of the Commons. Without the support of a considerable number of them, no ministry could hope to survive—placemen, holders of sinecures, and possessors of pensions were always a minority in the Commons, although, of course, they were the most assiduous in attendance and the most reliable in the lobbies. Therefore, all ministries had to persuade men to support them, and the means for doing this were highly complex. Dr. Owen does not think that either electoral influence or the distribution of minor patronage played much part in keeping docile those independent back-benchers who were inclined to support a ministry. He lists eighty-seven country gentlemen 'who represent the most independent section' of the ministerial supporters, and he does not think that the 'minor favours for their friends, relatives, and constituents', which they demanded from time to time, seriously influenced their political behaviour. And to support his contention he cites the fact that several of them on occasion voted against the ministry. Yet it is hard to believe that Sir Roger Bradshaigh who figures in Dr. Owen's list of independents was never influenced by the favours he had received from all ministries from 1704. One son had a commission in the Guards and became Gentleman Usher to Princess Amelia; the other became a page to Queen Caroline at the age of twelve and quickly obtained a commission in the army. Bradshaigh himself received money from Harley. Never once had he voted against any ministry, whig, tory, or mixed, from 1704 until a day or two before Walpole's fall.

To include such men as independent country gentlemen, and one might name others, almost borders on special pleading. One feels that Dr. Owen's case would be stronger (and it is, in essence, a very strong case) if, where there is doubt, 'influence' were allowed to play its part in keeping members docile. In the last resort, of course, the whole question rests on one's view of human nature of which Dr. Owen takes a generous rather than a cynical view. Yet whatever one's opinion, all must agree with him that influence usually proved a very weak link in a momentous political crisis; such crises were, however, rare and some historians will rank its efficacy as an emollient in day to day politics higher than Dr. Owen.

Yet this is a minor criticism of a masterly performance; an incredible labour has gone into these pages as well as deep thought and powerful concentration. Not least amongst its merits are the scholarly analysis of the Tory party, of the so-called constitutional crisis of 1746, and of Walpole's activities after his fall. This is a fine book that demands and deserves close attention.

### **Devil, Maggot and Son. By Christopher Logue. Peter Russell. 12s. 6d.**

'The King is dead. Long live the King'. By such ruthless ceremonies, and by them alone, can a great tradition be maintained—even on Parnassus. Whereas most young poets murmur the conventional anxieties about the death of poetry, competently like physicians, Mr. Logue displays the somewhat aggressive new-fangledness often associated with Dauphins in the days when Kings ruled instead of merely reigning. His latest book is packed with quaint devices—a whole heraldry in miniature.

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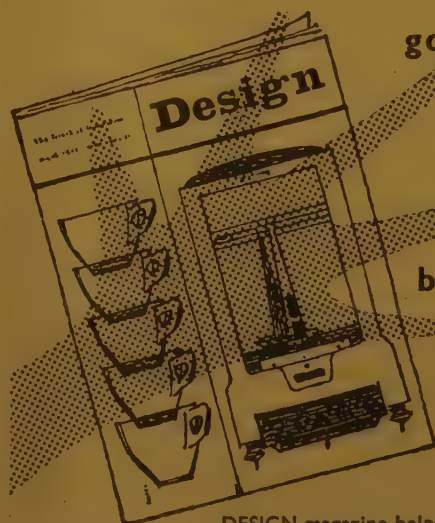
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Indeed it would be difficult to think of a worse poem among recent volumes of verse than 'One Leaf from the Sybil's Book'. (Here the influence of W. S. Graham has been wholly unfortunate.) Even the best of the present work has enough technical edginess to give his successes the appearance of flukes. (Some of his more recent uncollected poems are more assured.) But none of these faults can detain him from patterning afresh the most vivid of symbols, and the whole poetic scene is made brighter by his chivalrous insight.

Yet it would be wrong to give the impression that there is anything airy-fairy or back-to-the-Middle-Ages about Mr. Logue. On the contrary, he is an avowed Marxist and he does not hesitate to lecture the ghost of Yeats on the Irish poet's political intransigence. Nor does Mr. Logue eschew the more complicated patterns of metaphysical verse:

I, diamond, brighter the new-day  
on a thicket of drawn knives  
never than I, lie quiet in the dawn  
a magnet to the flights of the sun.  
Plain, I split on my prism's edge  
white to incarnadine and again white  
as the moonlight on Death's forefinger.  
Within my grasp the acorn and the forest  
are chastised on a carbon anvil.

'Incarnadine' here, with its immense Shakespearean associations, does duty for both verb and adjective. Acting as a symbol of life, in opposition to the white of 'Death's forefinger,' it can then be seen as something imposed on the diamond by the light or something extracted from the light by the diamond. Once this is realised, the Miltonic inversion of the opening sentence can be recognised as a necessary preparation for a concentration of meanings in which life, death and the 'still point of the turning world' (diamond) are made so functionally interdependent that none of them can be understood without a simultaneous understanding of the others: reality and morality become synonyms. No other young poet appears to be working on this kind of scale.

Yet Mr. Logue probably inherits more from the makers of nursery rhymes than from 'Paradise Lost'. His book is full of songs that really sing.

I came to Town  
in a silken gown; in a silken gown  
in a golden coach; in a golden coach  
with the white sixteen of horses all before.  
And each with a plume of red,  
and each with a silver rein,  
and a cantering noise between them all,  
high and low as the Town's great bell.

If he goes on absorbing techniques and experiences at his present rate he will have difficulty in avoiding the creation of a major poetry; and he himself has said quite plainly: the fashion of my avarice is permanent.

#### On the Road to Pastures New

By Maurice Moyal. Phoenix. 21s.

W. H. Davies once told us that for fifty thousand shillings down he would not sail again with sheep. Maurice Moyal had a more satisfying experience, possibly because he chose to go on foot, a manner more natural to both man and beast. Sheep, least bird-like of animals, are sometimes compelled to migrate like birds in early summer and autumn. With the difference that the shuttling of sheep is part of human tradition. This book tells the story of one such movement.

On the first day of summer a great flock leaves St. Martin de Crau, a village thirty-eight miles north-west of Marseilles, and is led, driven and chivvied two hundred miles across Provence. From sea-level the sheep go to pastures eight thousand feet up in the Mercantour range. In October they return, two hundred miles. We

are accustomed to the movement of sheep in this country (less now than before the war), but a double trek of two hundred miles each year is something to make our sheep-raisers ponder.

M. Moyal is a professional travel-writer. He suffers for his art. He and his photographer, Marcel Coen, walked the whole way with the flock and its four shepherds, normally at a pace of one and a half miles per hour—except at moments of exhaustion, when they generally had to run over broken country to round up the sheep, because the dogs were too tired to do so. Out of this experience has come an interesting book and a personal confession. It is, for instance, curious to learn that each farmer in that district chooses his animals' bells so that they blend in a particular chime, which is so distinctive that an expert can identify a flock by ear alone. There is much of this nature to interest both farmers and inquisitive city-dwellers. M. Moyal is sufficiently acute as observer and practised as writer to produce an adequate book about almost anything. What raises this one above the level of the journalistic notebook is the confessional record of how daily contact with Bastian, the chief shepherd, affected his own attitude towards life. This rugged old man became for him a symbol of the individual as a link in human tradition. Frustration was succeeded by high hope in life. At the end, we realise, the author must have had himself in mind, as well as the sheep, when he gave the book its title. Some fine photographs of animals and men accompany and enrich the text.

#### Fuseli Studies. By Frederick Antal.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 35s.

Dr. Antal died in 1954, and this study of Fuseli, which reflects both his life-long interest in Mannerism and his more recent concern with English art, is the first of his unpublished manuscripts to appear posthumously. It is unlikely that Fuseli's style will ever be subjected to a more searching analysis. Dr. Antal traces the artist's dependence upon Italian and Flemish Mannerism and eighteenth-century Swiss art, and finds the source of his motifs in Bandinelli, Rosso, Tibaldi, and a wide variety of other artists. By the standards of his own generation Fuseli was a learned art-historian, borrowing for his paintings as copiously as his taste would allow, but Dr. Antal proves himself a match for the range and catholicity of the artist's knowledge. The sixty-four plates are well chosen to clarify the author's feats of detection. Fuseli has always been regarded as a derivative artist, and it is open to question whether it is fair to expose him to the full rigour of the art-historian's method. By doing so the impression is left that his mind was solely a rag-bag of influences and derivations, and his originality, which lay in his perverse imaginative eroticism, is obscured.

But enquiry into the sources and development of Fuseli's art is subservient to a deeper purpose of Dr. Antal's. He holds that an artist's style cannot be understood except as a reflection of the social conditions out of which it grew. This he appears to regard as a self-evident truth, since he attempts no demonstration of it. The theory should not be judged solely on his statement that the third Earl of Shaftesbury was a 'middle-class' philosopher, or his comment that John Martin was popular with 'the large number of upper middle-class people who had lower middle-class taste'. Such infelicities might have been expunged had the text received the author's final revision; but the book would have remained pervaded by the use of the words 'middle-class' as an aesthetic and critical as well as a social and political category. We find that Dr. Antal believes that those who hold 'progressive' political views necessarily have a taste for 'progressive' art—a palpable *non sequitur*. We find

also that he conceives that it was 'historically inevitable' that, for instance, the approach of the French Revolution should have forced David to paint in the classic style. It is clear from these examples of Dr. Antal's method that it consists in listing in parallel columns the facts of political history and those of art history, and asserting that the former cause the contemporary events in the latter list. It is remarkable that so intelligent a man should have fallen a victim to such a travesty of reasoning, and that an art-historian with so much insight into works of art should have remained blind to the real and unpredictable sources of artistic inspiration and creation. But without the grit in the oyster there would be no pearl, and without his fallacious assumptions Dr. Antal would not have been led to make a deep study of Mannerism and of late eighteenth-century Classicism. In each of these periods he directed attention to artists whose merits were forgotten, and so prepared the way for a new appreciation of them.

#### Dylan Thomas: a Bibliography

By J. Alexander Rolph. Dent. 45s.

The general public, which likes nothing better than to bring the prodigious artist down to something near its own level, has learned to think of Dylan Thomas as a wild fellow who dashed off scraps of incomprehensible but probably bawdy verse between bouts of beer and fluff. But, wild fellow or not, Thomas was anything but a dasher-offer—the forty lines of his last, posthumous, poem (the 'Elegy', 'Too proud to die, broken and blind he died') were rescued by Mr. Vernon Watkins from more than sixty pages of rough drafts towards it. His collected works indeed, both in verse and in prose, amount to surprisingly little, and that makes the task of his bibliographer so much the easier, in so far as mere extent is concerned; on the other hand this same meticulous perfectionism led the poet to his frequent revisions of work on subsequent re-printings, and the collection and collation of variant readings thus entailed makes considerable demands in, so to speak, bibliographical 'depth'.

It must be said at once that Mr. Rolph has fulfilled his obligations in an unexceptionable manner: this book is a model of its kind, humane, accurate, full of interesting detail, and easy to find one's way about in. The material is classified in six sections, of which the first contains 'Literary Biographies' of all the individual poems—first appearance, first 'book' appearance, variant readings; the second, all editions to date of his books and pamphlets; the third and fourth, his contributions to periodicals and books—first appearances only here, a very necessary limitation, since Thomas contributed, amongst other things, to more than a hundred poetry anthologies; the fifth and sixth, translations into foreign languages, and gramophone recordings.

A good bibliography of this kind spreads out the whole of a writer's working life before one. Some complain that 'facts' are dull. But who with any imagination could fail to respond (bearing in mind that Thomas was born in October 1914) to such entries as these, from the 'Contributions to Periodicals' section?

C.1. *Swansea Grammar School Magazine*, Vol. 22, No. 3, Dec. 1925. 'Song of a Mischievous Dog' (poem).

C.27. *Sunday Referee*, 3rd Sept. 1933. 'Poet's Corner': poem—'The force that through the green fuse drives the flower'.

Mr. Rolph's book appears to be absolutely accurate, and possibly incomplete only in the single respect of 'Letters to the Editor' of periodicals. Mr. Rolph seems to have discovered only one of these: but there must surely have been more?



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

## DOCUMENTARY

### Vicarious Sport

ONE OF THE great benefits of sport is that it helps us to tolerate civilisation by canalising our superabundant energy and allowing us under certain conditions to flatten out an adversary or in various other ways outwit him in pursuit of our own selfish ends. But for most of us there is little or no opportunity after our schooldays to engage personally in these exploits; we must content ourselves with taking them at second-hand and it is here that television does us a great service. Without even crossing our doorsteps we can sit and sate ourselves with vicarious pugnacity, and it is surprising how much refreshment and release this seemingly passive participation can give us. But I find that the satisfaction given by television varies much with the sport. In boxing and wrestling it is unalloyed because our view is virtually uninterrupted; more so, I fancy, than if we were on the spot. Last week I watched some of the bouts in the year's Scottish Amateur Boxing Association championships at the St. Andrews Hall, Glasgow, and found them so engrossing that the allotted three-quarters of an hour seemed to me niggardly.

Football is a different matter. My concentrated excitement is constantly frustrated by ball and players vacating my field of vision at critical moments; in fact I experience in the course of an hour or so all the inhibiting processes that bad parents can inflict on a child in a matter of six years. Abnormal conditions have added an unforeseen variety to my views of recent matches. In Scotland v. England Under 23s (soccer) last week fog encroached on the floodlighting in Ibrox Stadium, Glasgow, to an extent that now and then reduced television to something little more than mere sound broadcasting,

and in the previous week rain turned a match—was it England v. France (rugger) at Twickenham? my memory for historic occasions is short—into a curious amphibious display in which players disappeared in sudden man-high fountains of water.

Programmes such as these leave me at the end of the day with the refreshing illusion that I have been taking a good deal of very vigorous exercise; nor, I think, is it altogether illusion. Through the medium of the mind—or is it the



The *Joseph Conrad*, subject of the film shown in 'Sea and Ships' on February 26



Armand and Michaela Denis with pigmies in 'On Safari' on March 1

emotions?—they brace the body. Let me recommend the treatment to viewers who because of age, infirmity, or lack of opportunity, don't get all the exercise they need. Those who find sea air more invigorating than sport were liberally catered for last week and the week before in 'Sea and Ships' which showed Alan Villiers' film of his voyage round the world in his square-rigged ship *Joseph Conrad* from Ipswich to New York and finally back to New York with a crew composed or partly composed of young boys. Desultory talk between Alan Villiers and Peter Scott provided a running commentary to a series of wonderful scenes in remote oceans and lands and, most wonderful of all, some glimpses through a swaying screen of rigging and sails of rolling seas and cavernous waves as the small ship *Joseph Conrad*



Charles Leno as David Condon in 'The Barrier', a programme about the rehabilitation of the newly blind, on February 28

rounded Cape Horn in the winter. 'Commonwealth Magazine', which varies much in quality, was especially good last week. One of the items, 'New Horizons', showed shots of country and town life in Ghana, a blend of the primitive and the up to date, and both seething with busy vitality. Thence to Canada with some breath-taking shots from a Calgary stampede, with intrepid ranchers bestriding furiously bucking bulls and horses and taking the most appalling tosses with apparent equanimity. After that came a race in which four-in-hand—or was it six-in-hand?—chuck wagons competed at breakneck speed and, it seemed, in imminent risk of destruction; one of them, indeed, overturned and appeared to disintegrate. Nervous viewers should think twice before participating even vicariously in such goings-on. More in their line was the friendly dolphin that formed the habit of joining bathers in New Zealand, playing water-football with them and allowing children to ride on its back.

Even more endearing were the gentle little pigmies with whom Armand and Michaela Denis made friends when 'On Safari' in Africa. It was a unique privilege to be allowed to watch these innocent and happy little people, the most primitive in the world, going about their daily affairs and gathering round Mr. and Mrs. Denis to inspect photographs of their companions. Only the more intelligent could identify the portraits and it was fascinating to watch their delight when they did so. Mirrors being unknown to them, not even the most intelligent could recognise a portrait of himself. It was a brilliant and absorbing film; in fact I ceased to be aware of film and television-set and seemed to be myself sitting in the jungle among these enchanting little human animals. But the intrusion of music is surely out of place in programmes of this kind. I found it a nuisance.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## DRAMA

### Thick and Clear

IN THIS ARTICLE, although I am not a Welshman and although St. David's Day is past, I am still wearing my leek. Eynon Evans' 'The Prodigal Tenor' is much the best thing I have met lately—a little play (it lasted only half an hour), but one that sang its way across the screen. Certainly it atoned, in my mind, for an unfortunate experience with another work by the same dramatist. That was in the West End, years ago now; let it rest.



The new piece was very simple, and all the better for it. Mr. Evans knew just how far he could go, and how far he would be helped by the irresistible accent that to the moon in wavering morrice moves. How can a village choir win its class at the Eisteddfod without the help of its star tenor? That aria from 'The Fair Maid of Perth'—there's not a tenor this side of heaven to sing it as Dan Matthias can. Alas, the star is hitched to the wrong wagon. Overcome by blighted affection and a succession of tankards, he pines in the lock-up. Hope fades; but there are ways of coping with the local sergeant. At the final rehearsal Dan is looming across the screen—hitched discreetly to a policeman, but ready to tell the valleys something about Bizet they had never known before.

I cannot say, looking back, that there was any special wit in the play, as there would have been in one by Gwyn Thomas on a similar theme. Never mind. The point was that we could believe in it, in the Treforgan choristers—they could even hang up their hats unselfconsciously—in the conductor who is here absolute monarch, in the first bass and second tenor, and even (though I did falter for a moment or so) the police-sergeant with a past. Dafydd Gruffydd—whose name, I hazard, is Welsh—produced with both enthusiasm and discretion, and, if I can borrow from one of Mr. Evans' compatriots, I gulped it all down like a pint of stingo. One regret: we ought surely to have seen, and heard, the final victory.

I was homesick for Treforgan on Sunday night while viewing a piece called, drearily, a 'comedy-thriller', and, with similar dreariness, 'You, Too, Can Have a Body'. There have been good plays about bodies, excellent plays about castles, and, I daresay, goodish ones about script-writers, though I am more doubtful here. The author of this frisk, F. A. Robinson, tried to get the bodies, the castle, and the script-writers together in what posters might have called ninety minutes of rib-splintering hilarity. The object was good, and I was ready to be hilarious and splintered. Brian Rix explained to us, in effect, that we were sitting in the stalls of the Whitehall Theatre; the curtain duly rose, and my spirits



'The Prodigal Tenor' on March 1, with (left to right) Margaret John as Megs Powell, three members of the Treforgan Male Voice Choir, Norman Wynne as Police-Sergeant Bowen, and Madoline Thomas as Annie

duly sank. Conducted tour of castle, rowdy children, blithering guide; it would take a lot to recover from this.

Now and again we did recover. Multiplying bodies, an illicit still, a Black Monk, a type-writer with clairvoyant properties, a little hypnotism, an eccentric Earl, a 'poetess' ('Welcome, brothers of the pen'), some dizzying gun-work, a variety of wandering police—there had to be something in all that, and once or twice there was. Kynaston Reeves, who was called Lord Privilege in a serial the other day, is among the permanent peers of our theatre. When his voice becomes a neigh and his eyes gleam cunningly, we can sit in hope. On Sunday, with the Earl in a whirl, there was a good deal of neighing and gleaming.

Brian Rix (a gag man) and Basil Lord (a crime writer) behaved as farceurs do on these occasions, registering surprise so excitedly and so often that, doubtless, when the curtain fell, they would have noticed, without the flick of an eyelash, a couple of dinosaurs in Whitehall. Everyone in the cast toiled with relentless zest. It had to be relentless. Consider a few of the lines: 'If Creekwood relied on its conducted tours, where would it be?'—'Up the creek'.

'I suppose this is what you call the throes of composition?'—'Yes, I get an idea, and he throws it'. 'No wonder I poisoned your coffee'.—'Well, you had good grounds'.

This farce, in as thick a fog of plot as we are likely to meet, suffered from the first because we were flung into the fog without preparation. The cameras worked furiously to record the racing and chasing; but the business was hardly a rich advertisement for televised drama.

Where else? I remember the flash in Maxine Audley's eye and voice when Queen Elizabeth I observed (I think) that no heads fell in England except by process of law. Even so, I clutched

anxiously at my neck. Miss Audley was in 'Kenilworth', which has boiled up well. It is the right kind of castle, and Lord Reeves-Privilege-Leverdale ought to take a look at it.

'Kenilworth' fitted nicely into an evening that contained letter 'K' in the alphabet through which Alan Melville guides us with enjoyable ease. He shows no alarm when a film gurgles off into silence as if its throat has been cut, or when Miss Eartha Kitt suddenly tosses back her head and roars with laughter at some mysterious joke of her own. She should be an asset to Henley-on-Thames (is she really going to live there?), though, as this was St. David's Day, I feel she might have substituted a Welsh town. Mr. Evans' Treforgan, perhaps? The choir would cease to be entirely 'Male Voice'.

J. C. TREWIN

### Sound Broadcasting

## DRAMA

### Days of Reckoning

THE THIRD PROGRAMME Sean O'Casey series goes crabwise, from 'The Plough and the Stars' to the preceding piece, 'Juno and the Paycock'. Mr. J. C. Trewin has hazarded the opinion that 'The Plough' is the better play. Popular opinion probably plumps for 'Juno' as O'Casey's masterpiece. Shame for our share in the Irish shambles may make 'The Plough' less palatable to us, and Juno and the Paycock are greater characters than the Clitheroes. If one inclines to Mr. Trewin's view it is because the disasters in 'Juno' are coincidental, unified by the mood of the play and the lure of language rather than by dramatic inevitability, while the disasters of 'The Plough' are inexorably linked. There is no real reason why the Paycock should lose his legacy, his son should lose his life, and his daughter her English lover, all at once. Nor is one entirely convinced that the feckless Paycock would drive his erring daughter from his door, and so provoke the long-suffering Juno to leave him too. If the blarney was less brilliant we should be uncomfortably conscious that the playwright is piling on the agony in the tradition of unabashed melodrama. Everyman with a brogue has to be left alone with his parasitical familiar, and all's fair that carries him to the catastrophe.

John Gibson's production of 'Juno and the Paycock' wasn't bad, and it wasn't good enough to exorcise the grand ghosts of Arthur Sinclair and Sara Allgood. Seamus Kavanagh and Peggy Marshall missed the universal comedy and tragedy, and the end, in the emptied room, does not come over the mike as it goes across the footlights. The most interesting performance was Jack MacGowran's Joxer, first cousin to his Covey in the other O'Casey play. This feebly frivolous Joxer was the epitome of ineffectuality. His quips, quotations, and snatches of song were stillborn on his lips, the callow compensations of a colourless personality. And, of course, there was the lavish language, what might in pseudo-Joycean gibberish be called the alocholy eloquence of All-That-Falstuff in a paycockeyed whirl of Irish slump tragi-cumdie.

The 'No Place Like Home' play in the Light on Wednesday was also about the break-up of a family. This radio adaptation of Edmund Morris' 'The Wooden Dish' made a play of a familiar American type. Everybody is selfish, sensuous, and sentimental except the good girl. The effect is to produce a Whitmanesque long-



Scene from 'You, Too, Can Have a Body' on March 3, with (left to right) Basil Lord as Lucky Wilson, Brian Rix as Chick Wade, and Kynaston Reeves as Lord Leverdale; above is 'the Black Monk' and, left, the ghost



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ing to live with animals, who have similar instincts and whose stink is less offensive. Clara is going to clear off with the lecherous lodger if hubby doesn't pack grandpappy off to the run-down old people's home, with reluctant financial aid from a tight-wad brother. The lodger prefers the teenage daughter. She, in an uprush of decent human feeling, offers her grandfather the home he needs. That brings back the pioneer spirit in the old man, who goes off to the old people's home rather than spoil her young life. When he locked himself in the broom cupboard and refused to listen to what the others were saying I felt like joining him. But David H. Godfrey had got together a good cast. Nobody can be a beastlier bitch than Joan Miller when she wants to. Dorothy Bromiley was better than her part, cavedropping, lying, loving, and menacing with considerable conviction. All the same, the Lear-Cordelia stuff has been better handled by Shakespeare.

Seducing women, it seems, is small stuff. Rustling cattle is, of course, a capital offence. Donald McWhinnie's production of his own adaptation of Walter Van Tilburg Clark's 'The Ox-Bow Incident', in the Home Service on Monday, was a western with a difference. The men of a small Nevada cattle town in the 'eighties set out to lynch some rustlers. The three men they lynch turn out to have been innocent. One of the lynchers condemns himself for failing to act on his belief that they were innocent, a horrified youngster hangs himself, and his father, who was the ringleader, falls on his cavalry sword to commit high Roman suicide. The secondary qualities of the production and performance were admirable—atmosphere, suspense, and a respectable set of American accents. But the lynching was so calmly conducted, after a respite of several hours, that I could not believe the whole bunch would have gone through with it without sending off a rider to check the claim of one of the victims that he had moved his family into a deserted ranch and had bought his cattle from another rancher. The rope had loose ends, too. We were never told how the false story got round that Kinkaid had been shot dead, or why his gun was lying beside the trail to be picked up. We never knew who had been rustling cattle all season, or why they had never been trailed before. We were supposed not to wonder if a family really moves into a derelict farm without buying in some groceries locally. And it was misleading to start with two cowboys who go along to the lynching but play no real part in the drama. As the off-mike implausibilities mounted I felt that Mr. McWhinnie had taken rather too much rope.

Cyril Shaps was admirably English as an old gentleman who sticks his neck out by escorting seven young children of assorted nationalities through German-occupied France, in a radio version of Nevil Shute's novel 'The Pied Piper', in the Home Service on Saturday. The script was slight, but Charles Lefaux' production successfully sustained and screwed up the suspense.

ROY WALKER

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### The Third Programme

DURING THE PAST two or three weeks strong rumours have been circulating that the threat to the Third Programme is serious. If that is so—I write independently without any kind of official information—now is the time for the million or two 'patrons' of the programme to raise their voices, to let the custodians of the Admass know that they look upon the Third Programme as a magnificent ornament to our culture, the means by which the best aspects

of the academic world have come into contact with intelligent society at large, that they believe it has indeed become, as Mr. Edward Sackville-West prophesied in 1946, 'the greatest educative and civilising force England has known since the secularisation of the theatre in the sixteenth century'. It has influenced the broadcasting techniques of the world, and its mere existence has done more than anything since the war to raise our cultural prestige among the European nations.

If the Third Programme is closed down, or emasculated, we will have gone back to the Dark Ages when the barbarian and the philistine reigned. The B.B.C. itself, I am certain, does not wish to close it down, but these decisions are probably made at governmental levels where the arts and the things of the mind are apt to be considered the fribbles of dilettantes. There will certainly be an outcry if the decision is made and announced, but that is just the time when outcries are useless. I would suggest that all the friends of the Third Programme write a postcard, now, to the Postmaster-General at the House of Commons, to let him know that they believe its general effects to be incalculably out of proportion to the size of its audience; for cultural activity as potent as this must seep through all society. It must be allowed to continue its work, and if economies must be made they must be made elsewhere.

The trouble has presumably arisen from the smallness of the listening figures for individual programmes, which vary from 45,000 to 100,000, but the true measurement of the value of the Third Programme can never be a matter of size. All the same it would do no harm if it did look for ways of increasing its audience. If some of the talks I listen to for the purposes of this column are heard by 45,000 people then I am amazed at the number of egg-heads in these islands. I am all for most of them but if, in the spoken word department, the Third Programme became a little more like *The London Magazine* or *Encounter* and a little less like such learned periodicals as *The Review of Philosophical Studies* a much larger intelligent audience might be attracted.

It was symptomatic of the Third Programme's reliance on the academic world that a talk last week on the forthcoming general elections in India should be given by Professor Morris-Jones of the Department of Social Studies at Durham University, rather than a political journalist or a foreign correspondent. A certain kind of profundity is achieved in this way, and the elections may be related to India's history since she became a dominion, but there are political journalists and even foreign correspondents who are capable—and would like the opportunity—to do what I believe is called in the profession a 'think piece'. An example of this was, indeed, given in the Third Programme on the same night—a repeat of Mr. John Midgley's talk on 'Western Germany and Eastern Europe'. Mr. Midgley has spent long periods in Germany during the past few years as a correspondent, and his talk showed the advantages of first-hand experience of the politics of a country.

The kind of programme which tends to get the Lucky Jims jeering at the Third Programme is the series of six readings from *Piers Plowman*, the second of which was given during the week. It was read in what was nicely called a 'modified' version of the speech of Langland's time. It was an interesting curiosity to hear such speech, but this, combined with the difficulty of the 'modified' text, certainly didn't make easy listening. I suppose this is the only logical method of presenting such readings, but I imagined those 45,000 listeners gallantly concentrating for the first five minutes before searching the wave-bands for more entertaining listening.

Two of the most interesting programmes of the week were both concerned with the House of Lords. Four peers, Lords Balfour of Burleigh, Clitheroe, Pakenham, and Rea, under the chairmanship of the Earl of Drogheda debated the prospect of the reform of the second chamber for fifty minutes; and a few nights later Mr. T. E. Utley, the brilliant theoretician of the tory party, cross-questioned Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn on his recent proposal that the Privy Council should be made to replace the House of Lords, since it fulfils all the conditions of the second chamber. It is essential that such matters as these should be allowed to continue to have the freedom of the air.

MICHAEL SWAN

## MUSIC

### Divers Aires on the G-string

IT SO HAPPENED that the chief symphonic compositions in last week's programmes were by three composers who live in England—Berthold Goldschmidt, Roberto Gerhard, and John Gardner, who appeared to have little in common but their domicile and the initial letter of their surnames. Their music is as diverse as their origins, for all that the Spaniard, Gerhard, has submitted himself to the discipline of Schönberg's twelve-note technique and has shed the more obvious characteristics of his native music.

Goldschmidt, born in Hamburg, and, like Gerhard, an exile since the nineteen-thirties, is conservative and romantic. His Violoncello Concerto, of which he conducted two performances with William Pleeth as soloist, and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra made an immediate impression of agreeable, lyrical charm when it was first broadcast a few years ago. It was due for a rehearing, for it is always poetical, and in the slow movement the poetry assumes the incandescent glow of genuinely felt and transformed emotion. Mr. Pleeth gave a good account of it. The concerto was flanked by two symphonies, Cherubini's in D, that search for an ideal classic beauty, and Berlioz' *Symphonie funèbre et triomphale*, which superficially owes a good deal to Cherubini, but topples itself off the classic pedestal by the very violence of its rhetorical gestures. The performance of the funeral march needed more tension; the rhythm was a trifle lax so that the effect was of a straggling procession, not of disciplined devotion.

Gerhard's Violin Concerto, also given two performances by Yfrah Neaman with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Stanford Robinson, is a more radical work than Goldschmidt's, and by so much the more difficult to apprehend at once. The difficulty is mainly in the first movement, which has a toughness that did not altogether yield to a second chew-over on Saturday night. The slow movement, on the other hand, which quotes one of Schönberg's note-rows (from the Fourth Quartet) proved immediately assimilable. Gerhard is no strict twelve-noter, but reconciles the new system with traditional tonality. The result here is a movement of flowing beauty of sound. The finale, again, presented no problems to the listener, except that of relating this conventional display of fiddling—a deliberate tribute to Sarasate, we were told—with what had gone before.

John Gardner's First Symphony, which followed Gerhard's Violin Concerto on Friday and Saturday, was first heard at the Cheltenham Festival half a dozen years ago, when its copious flow of ideas presented with a sensitive ear for orchestral colour seemed to mark its author out as a composer of great promise. The first movement is rather diffuse, needing more structural organisation. The orchestration, too, sounded thicker than I remembered it in the Hallé Orchestra's performance.





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'*Je suis encore tout étourdie*', sings Manon on her first entry in Massenet's opera, '*je suis encore tout engourdie!*' But Victoria de los Angeles, who sang the part in the Third Programme's operatic offering of the week, was not the least 'étourdie'. On the contrary this Manon sounded not at all the young girl on her way to a conventional education, but the experienced prima donna making her entrance and expecting a round of applause. It was the only mistake in an otherwise sensitive and appealing performance, not, perhaps, authentically French, but always in character. The supporting cast were French and included a good lyric tenor (Henri Legay) and an excellent baritone (Michel Dens). And there was Pierre Monteux to bring a life-time's experience and

affection to the performance and show us just how good Massenet's masterpiece is.

Music of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance was presented in two programmes, arranged respectively by Denis Stevens and Denis Arnold. In his programme, of which he also directed the performance, Stevens alternated French and English music of the early fourteenth century. The English motets which reminded us of the importance of the cults of St. Thomas of Canterbury and St. Edward the Confessor, especially at Westminster, were both interesting and beautiful. But the most striking piece in this programme was the reconstruction of a motet, using music by Perotin as it might have been adapted by Guillaume de Machaut a good century later. Stevens (or Jeremy Noble

who spoke the commentary) aptly likened the result to a romanesque church with a later Gothic choir. This conjectural conflation of two pieces of music may or may not be historically valid, but the effect was very beautiful.

Denis Arnold introduced his series devoted to Monteverdi and his contemporaries with a talk about Monteverdi's personality based upon his letters. He laid, I think, rather too much emphasis on the great man's tetchiness and querulous complaints. Anyone with a delicate constitution who had lived so long by that malarial marsh which is Mantua, suffered domestic tragedy, and received what was due to him only at irregular intervals, may surely be allowed a grumble. The depth of his feeling is enshrined in the great lamentation of Ariadne.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## 'Paride ed Elena'

By MARTIN COOPER

Gluck's opera will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 8.15 p.m. on Sunday, March 10

THE Trojan War and its consequences have attracted many composers, but few of their operas have survived in the repertory of the present day. Gluck's 'Iphigénie en Aulide' and 'Iphigénie en Tauride' are not much more often heard than Strauss' 'Die ägyptische Helena', while Tanciev's 'Oresteia' and Bungen's 'Odysseus' tetralogy are unequivocally dead. Berlioz' 'Les Troyens' is a true festival work and there only remain Strauss' 'Elektra', with a good claim to be his finest opera, and Offenbach's irreverent 'La Belle Hélène', which will probably continue to amuse as long as the Trojan War and the Second Empire are remembered.

Gluck wrote his 'Paris and Helen' in 1770, that is to say between the earlier Italian version of 'Alceste' and 'Iphigénie en Aulide', the first of the operas written for Paris. It was the last of his collaborations with Calzabigi, the Italian librettist of 'Orfeo' and 'Alceste', who based his version of the famous story on Ovid's 'Heroides'. For five acts the material is, by modern standards, thin and Gluck explained in his dedicatory epistle how he had tried to lend an additional interest to the work beyond that of the love intrigue:

I was obliged to exert myself in order to find some variety of colour, seeking it in the different characters of the two nations, Sparta and Phrygia, and contrasting the rude and savage nature of the one with all that is delicate and soft in the other.

The score, which was published in Vienna before the end of 1770, demands two each of flutes, oboes, bassoons, horns, trumpets, and drums, the usual string quintet and a harpsichord for the continuo. Paris was sung by the *castrato* Millico, Helen by Katharina Schindler, and Noverre was responsible for the ballets.

The contrast between Spartan vigour and Asiatic softness, is already made in the overture, and in the First Act we discover Paris and his suite on the Spartan shore—presumably at Monemvasia, later to become famous for its 'Malmsey' wine—sacrificing before a statue of Venus. (Calzabigi is inconsistent in the nomenclature of his gods.)

Paris immediately reveals his character and intentions in two arias which are today all that the ordinary music-lover knows of this opera: *O del mio dolce ardor*, with solo oboe over throbbing strings and in a voluptuous G minor, and *Spagge amate* with divided violas and solo horn. He is interrupted by the announcement of a messenger from Sparta—apparently Helen's page Erasto but in fact the God of Love

himself in disguise. He shows that he is aware of the object of Paris' visit and promises his assistance much to the astonishment of the prince, who departs leaving the stage to Erasto and their two suites. The god takes the audience into his confidence and the act ends with a set of four dances by Spartans and Trojans.

The Second Act is laid in the royal palace at Sparta. Erasto, already surreptitiously pleading Paris' cause, gives Helen a warm account of his charms which Gluck skilfully underlines with insinuatingly sensuous violin figures. When Paris enters he is dumbfounded by Helen's beauty and their first exchanges are conducted in breathless asides which reveal a mutual passion. Helen is proud, though, and mistress of herself and she twits Paris in an air where Gluck depicts the 'angry sea' which, says Helen, many a Trojan beauty is watching in fear for his safety.

In the Third Act we find ourselves at an athletic display given in honour of Paris, the distinguished foreign visitor who is eventually to distribute prizes. There are a number of 'rugged' Spartan choruses, with many unison passages for male voices only, and an 'athletes' air' characterised by wide leaps, vigorous dotted rhythms and fast scale-passages for the strings—very much what Gluck would have heard if (as is probable) he attended an opera by Rameau when he passed through Paris a quarter of a century earlier. After the distribution of prizes Paris, Helen and Erasto remain alone in the royal box at the stadium. Helen apologises for the primitive character of Spartan music—will Paris not give them an example of the more refined music of his own country? A lyre is sent for and Paris at once bursts into a hymn to Helen's beauty. She rises indignantly as if to go, but Paris counters by fainting so effectively that she sends Erasto in search of help (Offenbach-lovers will be reminded of the 'dream' in which his Helen hoped to enjoy Paris) and after much preliminary fencing Paris eventually recovers himself enough to make a formal declaration. This is refused by Helen, though with many desperate asides which reveal to the audience how difficult she is finding it to dissimulate her true feelings. The athletes' opportune return interrupts Paris' threat of suicide and the act ends with a fully developed chaconne—another French operatic feature—danced by the whole company except the embarrassed principals.

As the curtain rises on the Fourth Act Helen is alone, a letter from Paris in her hand. As she dictates her indignant answer, Paris enters. The trio which follows—such concerted numbers are

rare with Gluck—is dominated by a single figure in the violins, characterised by a *sforzando* on the weak beats of the bar. It is otherwise bare instrumentally and all the interest lies with the voices. Erasto leaves the lovers and Paris is soon offering Helen his dagger. When she refuses to kill him, he embarks on a long argument, pleading the example of Helen's own mother Leda, who did not refuse a divine lover's suit. But Helen, too, tries a new device and appeals to Paris' pity: he must forget her. Paris' reply—*Di te scordarmi!*—is one of the finest dramatic airs in the whole work, interrupted by a recurring violin phrase in a slower tempo which is a most lifelike expression of the lover's tenderness. The fact that Helen is not in Calzabigi's version married but only betrothed to Menelaus greatly weakens the plot here, since it makes her appear more proud than loving and converts what should be a moral struggle into a sacrifice of feeling to mere convention. By the end of the act, however, love is clearly winning in the orchestra—hammering rhythms in the strings with Gluck's favourite oboes doubling the voice—whatever Helen's words may say.

All that remains for the Fifth Act is the unravelling of the knot that Helen herself now regrets. Erasto tells her that Paris has obeyed her and left Sparta, whereupon she betrays herself by bursting into violent denunciations of men's fickleness and a warning to all girls—a martial air with trumpets, horns, and drums. Erasto, though, was only testing her, and as Paris enters the page gives away his mistress' secret, replying to her furious rebuke that he was never Erasto but always Amor. Paris recognises the favouring hand of Venus, ever grateful for his awarding her the prize for beauty; and in fact her rival, Pallas, soon shows that she has not forgotten the humiliation which she suffered on that occasion. Heralded by thunder, she appears in a baroque 'glory' above the stage and expresses her displeasure in a furious D major aria which may have been in Mozart's mind when he wrote Donna Anna's *Or sai chi l'onore* seventeen years later.

The chorus warns the lovers of the disaster that will follow their elopement and for a moment they hesitate, but think better of their fears and join in a duet which Amor's blessing converts into a florid trio. The opera ends, as it began, on the sea shore. It is night and the Trojans' ships are illuminated. Amor appears again, leading the lovers to their ship and the crowd provides a jubilant choral background, though there is no final ballet such as would form the normal conclusion to such an opera.



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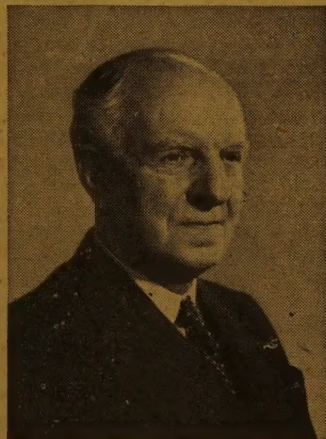
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# Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

## COOKING RED CABBAGE

A LISTENER WRITES: 'I have in my garden a number of red cabbages which have not sufficiently hearted to be suitable for pickling. Can these be used as a vegetable or in any other way?' Red cabbage can be cooked in the same way as green cabbage, but it is often a tougher texture so is more suitable as the basis of a savoury vegetable dish. Whatever dish you choose, first remove the coarse outside leaves and any tough ribs.

Here is a tasty way: wash the leaves and let them stand in cold water for half an hour or so to crisp up. Then shred them, and chop up a couple of onions and apples. Sauté this mixture in a tablespoon of butter or margarine, adding a tablespoon of vinegar—this helps the colour. Add, too, a tablespoon of brown sugar. Stir the mixture up and put it in a casserole with a closely fitting lid. Add salt and pepper and a tablespoon of good stock to moisten—or, nicer still, if you have some cheap red wine pour in half a cupful. Let this simmer gently in a slow oven 2½ to 3 hours. It is delicious served with boiled rice and sausages or with boiled ham or pickled pork. The seasoning can be varied by adding nutmeg or even caraway seeds. Cooked in this way red cabbage has the advantage of being equally good reheated next day.

ANN HARDY

## MERINGUE PIE

'Can you tell me how to keep the meringue on top of a pie crisp?' asks a listener. Yes, just before you put it in the oven sprinkle the surface

with caster sugar. This hardens in the cooking and gives that desirable crisp finish.

But let me remind you of the other points we know so well but sometimes overlook: the whites of eggs must be beaten so stiffly that even turning the plate upside down does not disarrange the mixture. In adding the caster sugar—two tablespoons to each white of egg—beat in half of it, and very lightly fold in the other half. Finally, sprinkle with more caster sugar and cook slowly. If you cook too quickly, the meringue will flop within a very short time of removing it from the heat.

ANN HARDY

## BAKED APPLE ROLL

You will need:

- 8 oz. of self-raising flour
- 1 tablespoon of sugar
- 2 oz. of margarine
- 4 oz. of sugar
- ¾ lb. of cooking apples
- 1 pinch of salt
- grating of nutmeg

Make a scone dough rather more stiffly than one normally would for scones, roll it out into an oblong, and cover it with thinly sliced or chopped apple. Roll into a Swiss roll, and cut into slices about 1½ inches thick. Put the 4 oz. of sugar into a deep baking dish, add 2 cups of water, and bring to simmering point, then put in the apple rolls. Sprinkle with nutmeg and bake for about 40 minutes in a hot oven.

M. W. HARVEY

## RHUBARB SNOW

Stew your rhubarb in a slow oven until tender, putting sugar to taste over it. You will not need water for the stewing. Rub the stewed rhubarb through a sieve, and using ½ a cup of pulp to 1 cup of water, 2 tablespoons of sugar, 1½ tablespoons of gelatine, and lemon juice to taste, prepare as follows. Soak the gelatine in 2 tablespoons of water, then heat the remainder of the cup of water and sugar together and pour on to the gelatine. Stir until dissolved. Cool until the mixture begins to thicken, add the fruit pulp and lemon juice, and beat until thick and light. This is a basic recipe for any fruit snow.

ANNE WILD

## Notes on Contributors

- DESMOND DONNELLY (page 367): M.P. (Labour) for Pembroke since 1950; journalist and author who has visited Russia and China several times in recent years
- NORMAN GIBBS (page 371): Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford University, since 1953
- JOHN RAVEN (page 372): director of a coal trade association
- J. O. BLAIR-CUNYNGHAME, O.B.E. (page 377): Director-General of Staff, National Coal Board
- J. A. RATCLIFFE (page 383): Reader in Physics, Cambridge University; author of *The Physical Principles of Wireless*

## Crossword No. 1,397.

## Mixed Tablets.

## By Andreas

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, March 14. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

The following unclued lights are names of 49As:  
6A, 11A, 16A, 20A, 25A, 37A, 43R, 47A,  
1D, 6D, 12D, 15D, 21U, 26D and 27U.  
Other clues are normal and accents are to be ignored.

## CLUES—ACROSS

1. Might sound like one letter for another one outside (6)
8. A drink confused with side petals (4)
14. Cooked, my share would have melted in Spencer's mouth (5)
17. Anger this age (4)
18. Important foreign ruler can hide some crude rubber (3)
19. Lester can wander in Ireland (6)
22. Above a possible maiden (4)
28. See other half of the exchange at the dentist's? (3)
29. Cover this French note with wax (4)
30. American's longing for a French Marshal's return (3)
31. Meat from a sore foot? (6)
33. Family doctor and little Edward are related (7)
36. Curtail a leopard and adapt for use against snake bites (5)
40. Thus Baron will make tears (3)
41. Resort to the last of the refuse (3)
46. Weightless chemist provides the pigeon pea (3)
48. Be French and improve the food (4)
50. Gilbert's fascination in a romantic ruin (7)

## DOWN

2. Zeus' shield for example is possible protection (4)
3. Used to purify trifle (6)
4. An expert at mending a Scottish gutter (4)
5. Figure mixed up in the Eastern English division of the tertiary formation (6)

- 7R. Sound old companion in Scotland makes free with mate (4)
8. One of the three little maids now in the middle of things (4)
9. More than a friend in a possible lover's lane (5)
10. Summer in 11 across (3)
13. Tactless oriental upsets television broadcasts (9)
- 14R. Tell Napoleon to depart!—and make a heraldic row (6)
23. Disguise from end of World War II—'49 (4)
24. This lattice thought Shakespeare savoured of the ale house (3)
32. The Old Hundredth can produce a striking effect (5)
34. Oil yielding margosa found in pine embankments (4)
35. Salt this fish and make it an old rope's end (3)
- 38R. Produced by electrification without 1 down (3)
39. American may hold there is otter's den in the orchard (4)
42. Scottish 40. (3)
44. Get the crop from the horseman who is not a doctor (3)
45. A graduate can make a camel coat (3)

## Solution of No. 1,395

S	L	E	A	Z	Y	S	W	A	Y	E	R
Q	A	G	R	O	E	H	O	S	U	T	E
U	S	F	I	S	O	R	C	U	S	L	
A	M	S	A	C	M	U	I	O	S	B	I
O	T	O	D	L	A	G	S	T	E	I	V
L	U	R	D	A	N	R	O	A	R	S	E
A	D	A	M	I	C	B	R	A	W	L	S
K	O	F	F	C	A	E	N	G	I	R	T
I	R	R	I	A	V	L	E	R	L	F	A
M	F	B	C	T	E	G	T	E	D	B	F
B	A	S	H	O	R	A	S	B	H	I	F
O	P	P	U	O	N	E	X	E	O	R	A

Prizewinners: 1st prize: Mrs. S. C. Spufford (Mickleover); 2nd prize: W. H. Askew (Driffield); 3rd prize: A. F. Toms (London, S.W.19)

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